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THE WINTER ISSUE

## COLD COMFORT

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INSIDE CHINA'S EVIL  
ORGAN TRADE

**RYAN GOSLING:**  
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THE DRIVER'S SEAT

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**43**

**HEATHER**

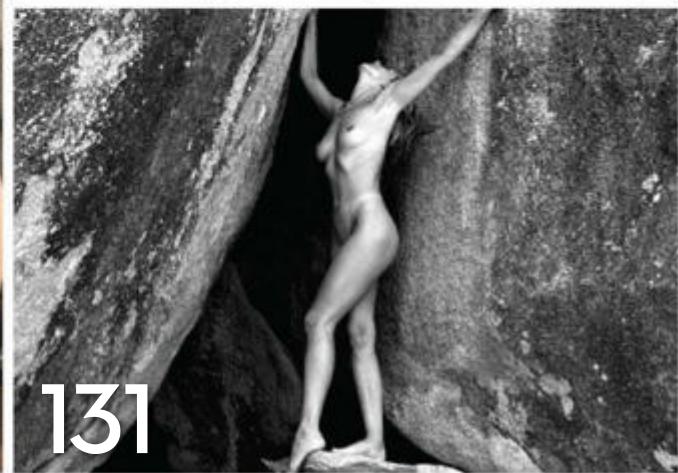
Who knew that discarding clothing could actually raise the ambient temperature?



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# PENTHOUSE

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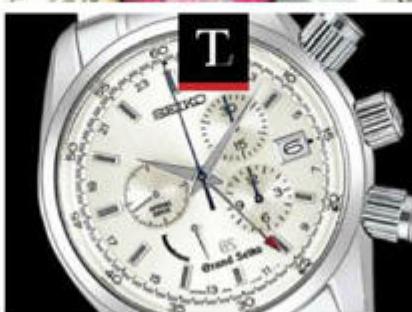
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## FROM THE EDITOR

HERE are lots of great things about winter, I'm certain of that, but this morning at 5.45am, as an icy wind tore at my ears and snot froze into miniature stalagmites on my top lip, I was struggling to name many of them. Okay, maybe you're now yelling, "Why didn't you just close the window and turn on a heater, fool?" Well, I was cycling at the time, which is a questionable pursuit in ideal conditions, and becomes downright stupid when you add in pre-dawn gloom and freezing drizzle. Maybe when spring arrives, I'll see if it's any better with the trainer wheels off.

Anyway, clarity did return when I made it into the office, and took a moment to refresh myself on the content we've put together for this year's winter issue. Like our inaugural snow guide (p57), pointing you towards the best skiing and snowboarding destinations on the planet. I reckon a week or two spent scaring yourself stupid down rock-strewn black runs; evenings brimming with schnapps, beer and bullshit, is a holiday experience that easily tops sitting around a kiddie-infested resort pool, turning red and wondering why everyone is reading Clive Cussler novels. Whether you're chasing action in the form of nut-bustlingly steep 'n' deep terrain, or nut-busting action in the form of tight ski skins strutting around the resort nightspots, I reckon we have it covered.

But if snow sports are not your thing, hopefully you'll find enjoyment and enlightenment in Stephen Corby's time on the road with Australia's hard-rocking party boys, The Griswolds. Yes, tying this into a winter-themed issue may be tenuous, but have a read and I'm sure you'll agree it must be impossible to freeze to death when you're buried underneath a dozen hot groupies all shrieking for you to sign their breasts. Suffocate, maybe. But definitely not freeze.

Enjoy the issue.

Ash Westerman

**Footnote:** We recently ran a reader survey via our website where we offered the prize of a beautiful J Springs watch to one lucky reader. I'm pleased to announce our winner is **Joe Giuliani, of St Albans, Victoria**. Enjoy the watch, Joe, and thanks for your feedback.

# PENTHOUSE

# EVENT PLANNER



## SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS 24–26 JULY

North Byron Parklands, Yelgun [splendourinthegrass.com](http://splendourinthegrass.com)

Sort out your annual leave because the biggest event on Australia's winter music calendar is back. Headlining Splendour this year are Britpop legends Blur, who'll be making their first trip to Australia since '97. That alone is enough to make you go 'who-hoo!' Joining them at the top of the bill are Of Monsters & Men, Mark Ronson and The Wombats. Other internationals include Royal Blood, Death Cab for Cutie and The Dandy Warhols, as well as homegrown heroes Boy & Bear, Peking Duk and San Cisco, and Tame Impala, who will crank out material of their current album *Currents*. This monumental musical line-up guarantees that you'll be spoilt for choice.



## AVENUE Q

2–18 JULY

Sydney

[enmoretheatre.com.au](http://enmoretheatre.com.au)

Hands down, the funniest, filthiest and most politically incorrect show you'll ever see, Avenue Q will have you whistling 'The Internet is for Porn' and 'Everyone's a Little Bit Racist' for a week.

## REVELATION FILM FESTIVAL

2–12 JULY

Perth

[revelationfilmfest.org](http://revelationfilmfest.org)

It might have started in a basement, but over time this film festival has evolved into a massive celebration of arts and culture. Beyond the 100 plus films being shown, film buffs can mingle with over 50 industry luminaries.

## JIMMY BARNES

3–24 JULY

National

[frontiertouring.com](http://frontiertouring.com)

Following on from his 2014 30:30 *Hindsight* tour comes Jimmy Barnes' *Flesh and Wood Acoustic* Tour. Barnes will be accompanied by a nine-piece band on this tour, where they'll perform songs from his 1993 *Flesh and Wood* album, as well as some of his biggest hits.

## STATE OF ORIGIN III

8 JULY

Brisbane

[ticketek.com.au](http://ticketek.com.au)

If you can't get yourself to the live game, find a bar with beer and big screens and watch the Maroons play the Blues in the final match of the 2015 series amongst other footy-crazed fans.

## GOOD FOOD MONTH

9 JULY–9 AUG

Brisbane

[goodfoodmonth.com](http://goodfoodmonth.com)

From fine-dining to family-friendly events, Good Food Month is a top way to enjoy Queensland's thriving food scene.

## CASTROL EDGE TOWNSVILLE 400

10–12 JULY

Townsville

[ticketek.com.au](http://ticketek.com.au)

Get amongst some of the best racing on the planet when the V8s come to the tropics. The action will continue beyond the track, and include performances by the Hilltop Hoods and The Living End. Matt Mingay will also be entertaining racegoers with 100m jumps and stunts in his giant Hot Wheels Trophy Truck.

## NOOSA LONG WEEKEND FESTIVAL

14–26 JULY

Noosa

[noosalongweekend.com](http://noosalongweekend.com)

This annual 13-day event attracts over 10,000 visitors and showcases some of the best Australian and international comedians, chefs, musicians, artists and speakers.

## DYLAN MORAN

17 JULY–18 AUG

National

[ticketmaster.com.au](http://ticketmaster.com.au)

This brutally sharp Irish comedian who built a following as Bernard in *Black Books* is touring his new comedy show *Off the Hook*, stopping at 12 locations across the country. Expect drunken insights and manic cackling.

## DAVIS CUP QUARTERFINAL

17–19 JULY

Darwin

[daviscup.com](http://daviscup.com)

Top-class tennis is coming to the Top End with Darwin hosting the quarter-finals of the BNP Paribas Davis Cup. Led by captain Wally Masur, Australia will take on Kazakhstan to battle it out for a spot in the semi-finals.

## RYAN ADAMS (WITH JENNY LEWIS)

19–23 JULY

Melbourne & Sydney

[frontiertouring.com](http://frontiertouring.com)

This American troubadour will be playing a few Splendour side shows, backed by his band The Shining and supported by ex-Rilo Kiley frontwoman Jenny Lewis.

## THE CAPITAL REGION TRUFFLE FESTIVAL

21 JUNE–31 AUG

Canberra

[trufflefestival.com.au](http://trufflefestival.com.au)

Get your fungus fix at this eight-week celebration of all things truffle. More than 40 venues across Canberra will be jumping on the truffle train with tastings, degustation dinners, truffle hunts, masterclasses and markets. Try a hot truffled egg and bacon roll and stop complaining that nothing happens in Canberra.

## THE ROCKS AROMA FESTIVAL

27 JULY

Sydney

[therocks.com](http://therocks.com)

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B

# THE DEBRIEF

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW, AND A FEW THINGS YOU DON'T

WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

## NOT JUST FOR THE LADIES

THE SHEER HORROR  
WHEN A LOVE OF  
LINGERIE GOES  
TOO FAR...

WORDS : STEPHEN CORBY





## JUST FOR THE FRILL OF IT

Occasionally there are signs that the world, as we know it, is coming to an end. Sure, once-in-a-millenia storms, acts of terrorism and the existence of *Two and a Half Men* are all chilling portents, but none of them can touch the kind of fear for man-kind you feel when beholding a bloke wearing lingerie, voluntarily, and smiling.

The photos on the website of Homme Mystere – an Australian creation designed to sell silky underwear to blokes – are horrific enough, but it's the success of the business that is even more alarming.

Brisbane-based Brent Krause, who came up with the idea for the business seven years ago because he was bored with normal, manly boxers and briefs, says his turnover is nearing \$1 million. His business sells C-strings (a lace sock for your cock), crotchless silky thongs and peek-a-boo bras. Yes, bras. For men. Who may or may not have noticed they don't have breasts.

Krause's truly world-ending claim is that his research shows 90 percent of his customers are straight (he also reckons he never considered the gay market when setting up the business, proving he's either a liar or simpleton), and that his typical buyer is a married man over 40 with "discerning taste" and disposable income.

The only comfort we can take from his research is that it shows the US is his biggest market, while sales have struggled a bit in his native country. "The Americans, they get it. They're so embracing of it," he says. Krause says that anyone who's cynical about male lingerie should try it for themselves and that many of his friends have been won over by free samples of his lace and satin goodies.

I guess we've always known that the Four Riders of the Apocalypse would turn up eventually, we just didn't know they'd be riding in crotchless male parties.

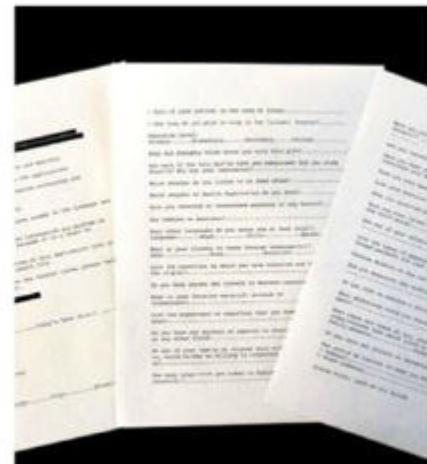


### WHAT WE'VE LEARNT



## A BLOODY GOOD TIME

Ah, those crazy New Yorkers, they really do know how to let their hair down. A group of Manhattans recently took partying to another level by getting together to partake in a bit of artistic arterial blood letting. This involves opening up your arteries, spraying your hot life-blood around and catching the splatters on canvases because... well, you know, that's art. NY authorities were alarmed by the fact that the spatters could endanger onlookers – not to mention the people doing the actual bleeding – and announced an investigation. It's hard to imagine why these parties were popular, but you know what they say; blood is thicker than water colours.



## AN EVIL FORM OF TERRORISM

It's tempting to think of terrorists as a bunch of fur-wits, living beyond the edges of sanity and frothing into their dusty beards about killing us all. The unpalatable truth is that they are extremely organised, social-media savvy and possessed of one of mankind's greatest evil inventions; an HR department.

This became clear after the US recently released a copy of an application form used by Osama Bin Laden's now passé Al Quaeda to process recruits. While you might imagine joining the jihadis would be as simple as prostrating yourself, pressing your lips into the dirt and screaming *Allahu Akbar*. There is,

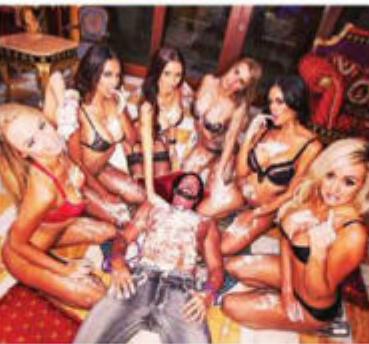
in fact, just as in the western world, quite a bit of paperwork involved.

It's all fairly standard stuff, until you're asked to nominate how long you'd like to stay in the "Jihadi theatre" – surely a difficult question to answer if your end goal is dying and meeting a celestial bunch of virgins.

"When did Almighty Allah bless you with this gift?" is another question you won't find on your Aussie dole form, but the real winner is: "Do you wish to execute a suicide operation?"

After which you are asked to list your next of kin, "in case you become a martyr". Which, bizarrely, counts as a best-case scenario in their world.

There's no mention of holidays, superannuation or any perks, and, frankly, the whole application doesn't do a great job of selling membership, other than the fact that you might get a close-up view of cool explosions and fireworks.



## GUMMY BARES

You might think the only bloke doing anything interesting in New Zealand was AC/DC drummer Phil Rudd, who has made himself popular with the locals by threatening to kill some of them, while hoovering up most of the drug production for the South Island, but you'd be wrong.

Phillip Hansen, 56, was recently convicted on two counts of amateur dentistry occasioning sexy time, after he was accused by several women of holding their mouths open

and pulling their teeth out with pliers, and even a screwdriver, as a prelude to sex.

He's not weird or anything, he's just particularly turned on by "gummy women", as he told a trial in Wellington District Court.

Hansen's colourful defence included his claims that he was actually performing a "free" service, because real dentists would have charged his victims to have their teeth removed. Real dentists might not have used pliers, of course. Softies.

## CANDY-COATED COCK

Look, just to be clear, we're all in favour of parties featuring models with massive aftermarket boobs hanging from cranes, strippers and midgets in Roman costumes, but even though he clearly holds a good shindig, we can't excuse the douche-baggery of Travers Beynon.

Beynon, a male model, former footy player and heir to the Freechoice Tobacco fortune, has built himself a replica of the famous Playboy Mansion on the Gold Coast, and is trying to turn it into a profit-making venture.

Yes, his Instagram account is full of feminine lovelies, but it's also rammed with pictures of him posing like an advertisement for Men We Don't Want to Be.

Beynon, who tops off his douche-ness by referring to himself as The Candyman, regularly holds massive benders at his riverfront compound, allegedly all in the name of getting free coverage for his tobacco brands.

Attended by scores of "Candy Shop Goddesses", these sex-soaked soirees generally involve him arriving by helicopter, removing his shirt and then frolicking with hot bunnies and other wild animals.

"Through years of travelling, I gained plenty of inspiration," Beynon told News Corp.

"But my vision was always to develop and create a more entertaining party event – something akin to a Disneyland that adults could enjoy coupled with a similar hysteria to Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory for children."

More like Willy Wanka.

One guest told of attending a Candyman party featuring "topless strippers, wild animals, exotic cars and a helicopter arrival".

"When I walked in there was a chick on a crane hanging upside down doing circus acts," the awe-struck guest reported.

Okay, maybe we're just jealous.



## STAR POWER

## WOMEN ON THE RISE

FIVE TALENTED BABES WHO ARE BLIPPING THE RADAR

## 1. CARA DELEVINGNE

This 22-year-old Brit has fronted campaigns for Chanel, Burberry and Fesndi, is girlfriends with *Fast & Furious* hottie Michelle Rodriguez and is on her way to becoming one of the world's most successful models. Now, Cara's landed her first lead role, where she stars in an adaptation of John Green's acclaimed novel *Paper Towns*. She's also scored a part in Joe Wright's dark fantasy *Pan* and the lead in Luc Besson's sci-fi saga *Valerian and the City of a Thousand Planets*.

## 2. ANGELA WHITE

This busty beauty is Australia's most in-demand adult performer and has worked alongside adult industry royalty like Phoenix Marie and Alexis Texas. Recently, Ange had her lady bits immortalised into a Fleshlight, giving her the honour of being Australia's first Fleshlight girl. Read our Q&A with Angela about her experience at the Fleshlight factory at [penthouse.com.au](http://penthouse.com.au)

## 3. ROSIE MAC

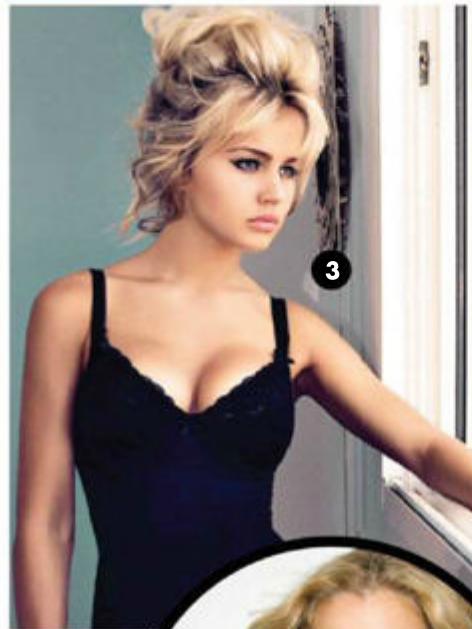
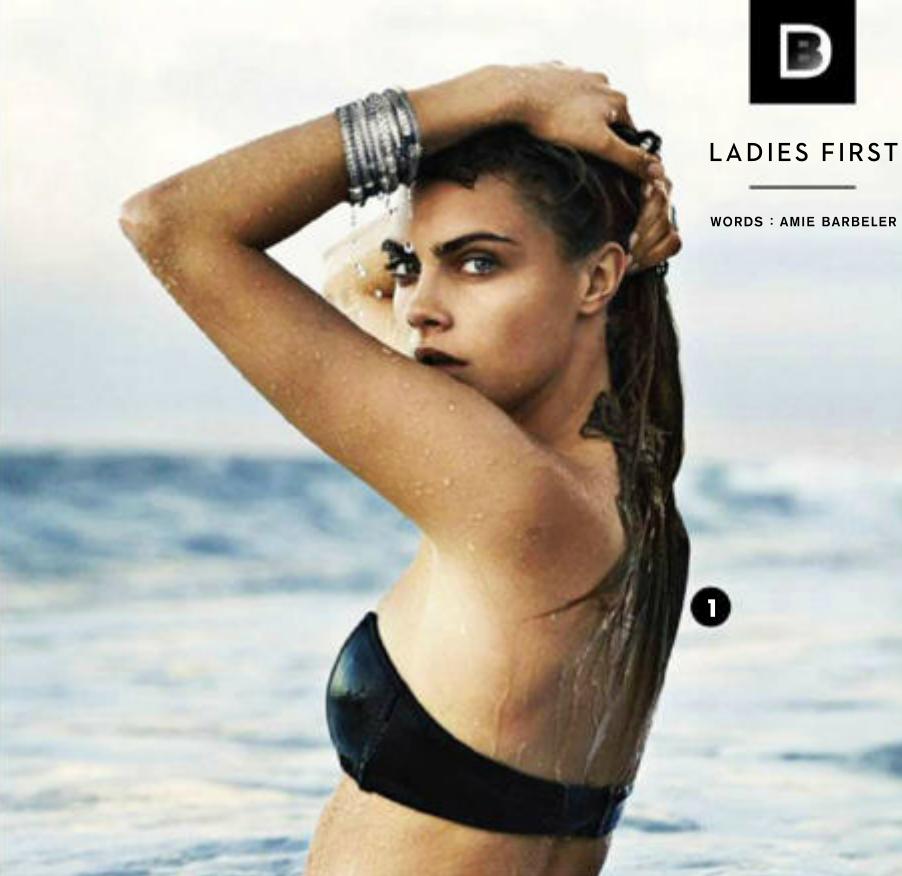
With her long blonde hair, big blue eyes and sexy pout, you'd be forgiven for thinking you were looking at Daenerys Targaryen from *Game of Thrones*. But this stunner is actually Emilia Clarke's stunt/body double – Rosie Mac. Originally hired as a stand-in for the Mother of Dragons, the producers of the show loved Rosie so much that they wrote a part for her.

## 4. AMY SCHUMER

Funny, filthy and farking hot, Amy Schumer is everything you could want in a woman. Although she's been on the comedy circuit since 2004, her career has exploded in 2015. Last year, her show *Inside Amy Schumer* was picked up for a second season, and later this year, she'll star in her first movie (which she also wrote) called *Trainwreck*, alongside Bill Hader.

## 5. GIGI HADID

At only 19, Gigi Hadid – pictured here in the latest Guess Jeans campaign – has already got the fashion world wrapped around her little finger. She recently becoming Tom Ford's new go-to model, and if she continues to dominate the business at this pace, it won't be long before the rest of the major fashion labels want a piece of her. 





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# TOP 10

A ROUND-UP OF COOL STUFF THAT PUSHED OUR BUTTONS THIS MONTH



1

## GRILL ON THE GO

Let's face it, meat tastes better when you've killed it yourself in some remote spot where wild animals roam. Made of a silicone-coated fibreglass and weighing in at around 3.5kg, the GoBQ is a backpack-friendly barbie with a cooking area big enough to sort out a man-sized hunger. Plus, it cools down fast, meaning you can pack it up and flee before the beasts get even as soon as the fire is out. **\$155**



2

## LISTEN UP

Fire up in a cigar and slide on a pair of these sophisticated LSTN Wood Troubadour headphones.

Each pair has been handcrafted from either beech, cherry or ebony timber, meaning no two are the same. **US\$150**



3

## TIME'S UP

The Qlocktwo from Biegert & Funk is a hands-free clock, instead using a typographical display to turn the time into a statement. **From \$1599**



4

## SKY'S THE LIMIT

Say goodbye to the selfie stick... flying cameras are the future. This robotic drone connects wirelessly to a tracking device that is worn around your wrist like a watch. Just toss the Lily in the air and it'll start following you, shooting video or stills of your every move. **\$1300**



5

## TAKE FLYTE

Sick of lights and lamps anchored down with ugly wires? Check out the mini art installation that is the Flyte: a stylish lightglobe that hovers and rotates freely above its wooden base via magnets. Woah. **\$500**



6

## SURF THE EARTH

Let's face it; regular golf carts are about as cool as mobility scooters. So how about this? The GolfBoard allows you to scoot around the course on what is effectively an electric skateboard, golf cart and Segway rolled into one. Step on board, use the wireless hand-held controller to operate the board's throttle and brakes, lean to steer, and put an end to the boring walking-between-holes bit. **US\$6500**

7

### GRILL SEEKER

The perfect base for all your BBQ operations, the Jag Grill allows your guests to have their own private grilling station. Hit the backyard, crack some beers and bond with your mates over meat. Later, remove the top grill and you've got yourself a firepit. **US\$2500**



8

### SLICE OF HISTORY

Created by SantaFe Stoneworks, these pocket knives feature the bone marrow of dinosaurs in their handles. The blades themselves are made from "sanmai Damascus," a Japanese style of blade featuring 16 layers of high-carbon stainless steel on either side. Very cool. **US\$110**



9

### HANDCRAFTED BREW

Ideal for the homebrewer ready for the next level. The Double Barrel brewing kit makes homemade beer-making stylish with a classic laboratory set-up, complete with eight reusable cobalt blue flip-top bottles to store your carbonated creations. **\$330**

10

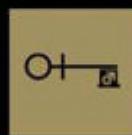
### KEY CADDY

This is not your average carabiner. The KeyBiner can hold up to 14 keys and has a bunch of tools built into it including: wrenches, a flat blade screwdriver, the must-have bottle opener and an optional 32GB slimline flash drive. **US\$35**





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## MAN OF THE MOMENT

## WALEED ALY

JOURNALIST AND TELEVISION PRESENTER

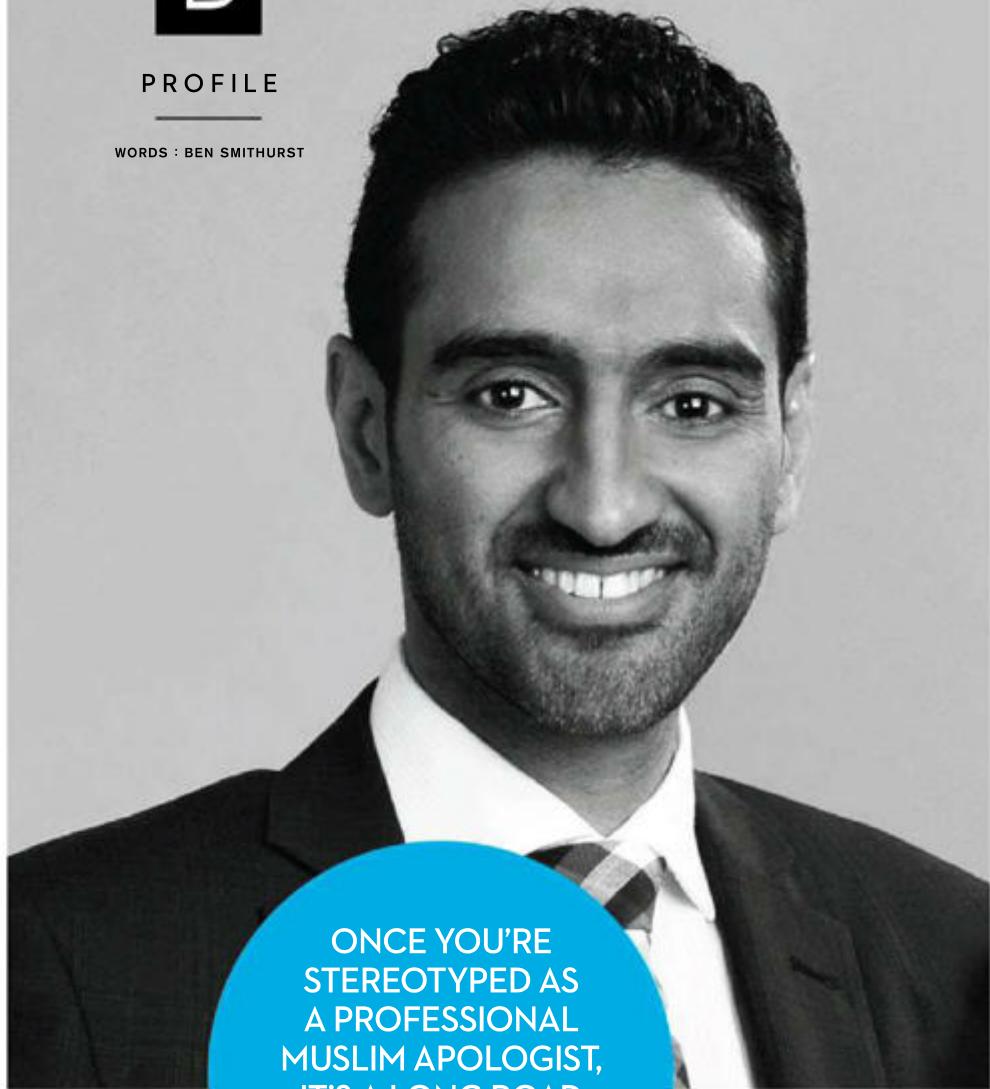
THE feverish and grim doorstep of the new millennia has been a fine time for the professional Muslim apologist. With his faith attacked from all sides, and often literally, the media calls keep rolling in. There's Keysar Trad, Lakemba mosque's founder of the Islamic Friendship Association of Australia – so cuddly and mild! Anti-ISIS community spokesman Dr Jamal Rifi – so brave and even-toned! And Waleed Aly, the slickest of them all – so nice and young and handsome and articulate! So rational and smooth!

But whispering sweet nothings into the ears of a scared, notionally Christian populace is also hard. "We are not professional apologists," any of those three might argue, and in doing so be correct. "We're simply responding to alarmism in a conciliatory way. Stop tarring us as either sycophants or apologists."

Mud, sticks, and tar adheres even more stickily, and once you're stereotyped as a professional Muslim apologist, it's a long road to hosting duties on Network Ten's *The Project*. Can you imagine Keysar Trad helming *Today* or Jamal Rifi joining *Clarke and Dawe*? No, because Keysar's quite keen on polygamy and Clarke and Dawe's names are in the title, but even so! Waleed Aly's rise from youthful spokesman for the Islamic Council of Victoria to headline Channel 10 star has been as dramatic as it has come from leftfield.

Until 2007, Aly, who has bachelors' degrees in Engineering and Law (with honours), continued to work as a solicitor in Melbourne. But on Tuesday, September 11, 2001, along with his wife and kids, he was watching his team, Richmond, train at Punt Road while in his final year of study. *The Age* journo Martin Flanagan saw them.

That turbulent weekend, Flanagan wrote about the session. "Looking around, I saw



ONCE YOU'RE STEREOTYPED AS A PROFESSIONAL MUSLIM APOLOGIST, IT'S A LONG ROAD TO HOSTING DUTIES ON NETWORK TEN'S *THE PROJECT*

a young woman in a Muslim headscarf, a young man and two small kids and thought how good this game can be," he said. "They were just another Richmond family."

Aly recognised himself. He contacted Flanagan, who encouraged Aly's own writing. "I got obsessed with writing for newspapers," Aly would tell the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Four years after Flanagan's article, Aly was nominated for a Walkley award. (He would win one, for best Commentary Opinion & Critique, last year.) A year later, in 2006, he was doing co-hosting work on ABC TV. Prior to that he was drafted into radio, eventually hosting Radio National Drive. And yet, in the wider media, demand for Muslim apologists continued unabated. So Aly took his lip service to Q&A. He infuriated Andrew Bolt and pilloried George Brandis and questioned mainstream assumptions with galling articulacy.

Inevitably, Aly started guesting on *The Project*, as leftie-riddled a panel show as anything churned out by Auntie. And then, this

year, when Charlie Pickering left to head *The Weekly*, Waleed took the chair. Predictably, he soon expanded his apologetism to cover doomed drug criminals Andrew Chan and Myuran Sukumaran with great clarity and heart. Aly lectured the government on anti-domestic-violence funding. He grilled Malcolm Turnbull. He was out of his Muslim apologist box, an unprecedented outrage! His entertainment career was unwittingly lit by Mohammad Atta, but now he is here to stay.

"Given a chance to drive the bus, it's a very exciting opportunity," he said.

Climb aboard at your peril, because Waleed Aly is the slickest apologist of all. So nice and young and handsome and articulate! So rational and smooth! Listen too closely and he'll convince you he's not an apologist at all. 



Fur is for  
**PUSSES**

[ GABI GRECKO for **PETA** ]

## BIG QUESTIONS

## WHERE IS EVERYONE?

**G**ET THIS: the observable universe is 92 billion light-years in diameter, filled with billions of galaxies with stars and planets, yet the only evidence of any life anywhere is right here on Earth. Statistically, the odds of us actually being the only living beings in the Universe are impossibly low, so why the hell haven't we connected with anyone else yet?

This is known as the Fermi Paradox, and there have been dozens of theories to explain why we haven't encountered extraterrestrial life; some more plausible than others. We could talk at length about all of the different possibilities of whether or not we're just missing signals, if they've actually been here and we didn't know it, they can't don't want to talk to us, or – the extremely unlikely scenario – if Earth is the only planet with life ever.

It is true that the universe is incredibly vast and old. Separate measurements indicate it's about 13.82 billion light-years old. At first blush, this would give alien civilisations

plenty of time to propagate, but then they would have a cosmic distance barrier to cross before getting too far into space.

The sheer number of planets that we have found outside of our solar system, however, indicates that life could be plentiful. A November 2013 study using data from the Kepler Space Telescope suggested that one in five sun-like stars has an Earth-size planet orbiting in the habitable region of its star, the zone where liquid water would be possible. That zone is not necessarily an indication of life, as other factors, such as the planet's atmosphere, come into play. Further, "life" could encompass anything from starship-sailing extraterrestrials to weird bacteria.

A few months later, Kepler scientists released a "planet bonanza" of 715 newly discovered worlds, pioneering a new technique called "verification by multiplicity." The theory essentially suggests that a star that appears to have multiple objects crossing its face or tugging at it would have planets, as opposed to stars. (A multiple

star system at such close proximity would destabilise over time, says the theory.) Using this will accelerate the pace of exoplanet discovery, NASA said in 2014.

Our understanding of astrobiology (life in the universe) is just at a beginning, however. One challenge is these exoplanets are so far away that it is next to impossible for us to send a probe out to look at them. Another obstacle is that even within our own solar system, we haven't eliminated all the possible locations for life. We know from looking at Earth that microbes can survive in extreme temperatures and environments, giving rise to theories that we could find microbe-like life on Mars, or the icy Jupiter moon Europa.

All of this together means that even within our own Milky Way Galaxy – the equivalent of the cosmic neighbourhood – there should be many Earth-size planets in habitable zones that could host life. But what are the odds of these worlds having intelligent life in their bounds? 

## LIFE: A COMPLEX EQUATION

The odds of intelligent life are estimated in the Drake Equation, which seeks to figure out the number of civilisations in the Milky Way that seek to communicate with each other. In the words of the SETI Institute

(Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence), the equation has the following variables:

- The number of civilisations in the Milky Way galaxy whose electromagnetic emissions are detectable.
- The rate of formation of stars suitable for the development of intelligent life.
- The fraction of those
- stars with planetary systems.

- The number of planets, per solar system, with an environment suitable for life.
- The fraction of suitable planets on which life actually appears.
- The fraction of life-bearing planets on which intelligent life emerges.
- The fraction of civilisations that develop a technology that

releases detectable signs of their existence into space.

- Finally, the length of time such civilisations release detectable signals into space. None of these values are known with any certainty right now, which makes predictions difficult for astrobiologists and extraterrestrial communicators alike.





# THE WORLD OF COURTSIDING

THEY ARE THE SPIES OF SPORTS BETTING, SURREPTITIOUSLY FEEDING MATCH INFORMATION TO SYNDICATES. BUT IF IT'S NOT STRICTLY ILLEGAL, HOW WILL IT BE STOPPED?

**T**HEY seek to blend in with the crowd, nonchalantly at ease and fervently following the tennis or the cricket, just like any other devoted fan.

It's long odds you'd notice anything untoward in the body language of the anonymous twenty – something seated next you at Lord's, the MCG, Flushing Meadows or Melbourne Park until, without warning, they are yanked away by burley stewards.

Odds, however, is the operative word in what has emerged in recent years as a cloak-and-dagger sub-plot to the action taking place on court or the other side of the boundary fence.

While the batsman bash fours and the tennis stars pound winners, feverish fingers tap instantaneous score updates into deftly concealed mobile phones to aid betting syndicates in taking advantage of the fractional delay in TV transmission times.

The information is fed into a software model which spits out real-time odds on which player, or team, is most likely to win the match and the syndicate places bets it considers favourable, based on its calculated probability.

Millions of dollars is at stake in mili-seconds in these micro-markets as offshore agencies and syndicates utilise betting exchanges like Betfair to take advantage of the dancing digits of these surreptitiously implanted interlopers.

This murky, mysterious world is known as 'courtsiding'; it's a practice banned across myriad sports, but not strictly illegal.

For every courtsider – and there are still many plying their furtive trade despite

crackdowns at stadiums across the world – there are spotters and security sleuths working overtime to weed them out and protect what the authorities see as the integrity of their sports.

The catch-me-if-you-can joust between the syndicates and the sporting authorities simmered in the shadows beyond the public's perception until the 2014 Australian Open when the arrest fresh-faced Englishman Daniel Dobson for supposedly violating a law protecting integrity in sport made headline news.

The 22-year-old was just two months into a job which pays up to \$80,000 a year, and holds the seductive lure of travelling the world attending sporting events, when he was fingered at Melbourne Park and charged by police in the mistaken belief he was involved of form of match fixing. Two months later those charges were quietly dropped.

Dobson's dream job was to sit courtside and use his mobile to transmit the outcome of each and every point back to his London-based employer, Sporting Data Ltd.

A number of courtsiders were also ejected by undercover police officers from the opening match at last year's Cricket World Cup in New Zealand as awareness of the practice spread.

The traumatic aftermath of Dobson's arrest persuaded his boss and Sporting Data co-founder Steve High to punt courtsiding from the company's portfolio.

"It's all about gaining an edge," says of TAB SportsBet's Glenn Munsie. "The delay in TV transmission might be as short a three or four



Charges against Daniel Dobson for courtsiding at the 2014 Australian Open were dropped.

seconds but that can be a long time, especially if you know the result.

"It's about taking advantage of a loophole, which is a delay in the coverage. A bit like someone who counts cards at a casino is taking advantage against the house.

"It's also prevalent in horse racing in the UK. Say there's a delay of four or five seconds in a race broadcast transmission. In a race, 0.16 of a second can be one length, so one second is six lengths. You get a three or four second advantage and that's 18 or 20 lengths, and that's getting up towards 50 metres. It can be very significant."

Like the tennis players they follow, courtsiders assiduously hone their skills and attempt to gain entry to the biggest games while attempting to remain as incognito as possible.

And with good reason. Photographs of known transgressors are circulated and closed-circuit TV is monitored for suspicious behaviour.

Tennis's secretive London-based Integrity Unit, formed in 2008, banned spectators from transmitting live scores for commercial gain and also seeks to protect the sport's own interests in the gaming world through its deal to sell scores to Enetpulse, a company majority owned by IMG.

Many of the buyers are gambling websites that deal with in-play betting; hence the vigilance of its crackdown on courtsiders.

Spokespeople for the ATP, WTA, Federation Francaise de Tennis all point to the fact that they "own the rights to the data".

Back in London, and now prematurely retired from the court-siding game, Dobson fondly recalls his adventures.

"You would sit on court for as long as



**"DOBSON KNEW HE WAS PLAYING A GAME OF CAT-AND-MOUSE AT THE AUSTRALIAN OPEN, BUT NEVER IMAGINED IT WOULD LEAD TO HIS ARREST"**

you were needed pressing the buttons, which were sewn into my trousers and relay the scores back to London. You'd press one for Djokovic, two for Murray, for example, as fast as you could," he told Britain's BBC.

His boss, Steve High, added: "At the final of Wimbledon 2014 there were 75 people sending information back or betting on their own.

"The ones who were best at it, came up with the best odds and had the fastest data would have been the ones who made the lion's share of the money."

Dobson knew he was playing a game of cat-and-mouse at the Australian Open, but never imagined it would lead to his arrest on a charge which carried a maximum jail term of 10 years.

"Towards the end of the day, I walked

off court and a cop grabbed my arms, put them in a pair of handcuffs – and that was kind of when I knew something was up," he added.

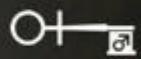
Looking back ruefully he misses the rush, declaring: "I would have definitely carried on – it was an opportunity of a lifetime."

Neil Evans, who has spent a decade in Australia's corporate bookmaking industry, sees no way of stamping out the practice.

"In a big tennis match when you have the live prices swinging with just about every point, the stakes are high and you can see why it attracts the courtsiders," he said.

"They watch like a hawk over a game, looking at the camps, the body language, what's happening in the coaching box. That's all good information for a live punter. And they press the button on the scores quicker than the umpire."

"For me, I see it as fair game ... it's a fine and murky line. It's really the cutting edge of modern-day punting and tough to stop." 



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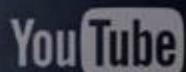
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# MotoGP™ 15

OUT JUNE 2015



## YOUR RACE EXPERIENCE!

Ultra-realistic motion-captured animations, improved bikes and riders physics, super detailed graphics, without forgetting the brand new Beat The Time game mode!



## CREATE YOUR EXPERIENCE!

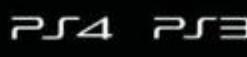
Customize your team in the Career mode: choose name, logo, bikes and liveries! The more GP Credits you gain, the faster you'll reach the top!



## THE REAL MotoGP™ EXPERIENCE!

The official 2015 MotoGP™, Moto2™ and Moto3™ Rosters are included! Try the new game mode 2014 Real events.

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WORDS : SAMUEL SPETTIGUE



SHOW US THE MONEY

## ONLINE CROWDFUNDING

GONE are the days of fundraising at your local RSL or selling tickets for a meat raffle to fund the project of your dreams. The internet is a new age for creators and entrepreneurs looking to take innovative ideas from the drawing board and into the real world. We take a look at how online crowdfunding works and examine three of the most successful crowdfunding formats working today.

### HOW DO THEY WORK?

Creators post their projects with a detailed explanation of the design (usually including a video demonstrating a proof of concept) and a target for how much they need to raise. Using an incentive system, creators offer different tiers of rewards to get people to back their projects, usually starting at \$1-10 and – depending on the creator – skyrocketing up into the \$1000s. The more you back, the better the reward.

### PATREON

One of the more recent cats in the game, Patreon was founded in 2013

and has been popular among musicians and YouTube content creators seeking to maximize the support of their already strong social media followings. Podcasters and webcomic artists have also favoured the format over others thanks to some of the big names involved, including author John Green (*The Fault In Our Stars*) and his brother Hank Green – the pair behind the uber popular Vlog Brothers show – whose subscription service Subbable was acquired as part of the Patreon family.

### KICKSTARTER

Arguably the most recognisable name among the three, one of the key reasons Kickstarter has been so successful is the interaction between investors and the people offering the project. With 'rewards' for various financial commitments and the potential to connect directly with the people who are creating the concept, Kickstarter has been home to some of the most successful crowdfunding campaigns to date. From the Veronica Mars movie

which broke the record for fastest successful Kickstarter (reaching its goal of US\$2 million in less than 10 hours and ending with over 91,000 people raising more than \$5 million) to the Exploding Kittens card game going into production thanks to an overwhelming social media response, Kickstarter seems to be the place for pop-culture-savvy projects.

### INDIEGOGO

Have a concept for some truly original piece of innovative tech? Then Indiegogo is most likely the home for you with investors vocally supporting some of the niftiest and most unique technological advancements outside of the corporate sphere. Among them recently has been Flic: The Wireless Smart Button – created by a group of developers in Sweden – that can be used as everything from a controller of your home electronics to a personal safety device. It's managed to raise nearly \$1 million so far thanks to the cleverly made pitch video and multi-purpose product.



### OBAMA'S ANGER TRANSLATOR

Usually the Whitehouse Correspondents Dinner is a pretty serious affair but Keegan-Michael Key – one half of the sketch comedy show Key & Peele – added some humour to the night as he joined Obama on stage in the form of his character The Anger Translator.



### MILK MILK LEMONADE

Amy Schumer, the dirtiest female comic in the bizz, has teamed up with Kanye's ex, Amber Rose, for this parody of the twerking dance craze and our obsession with booties. Keep an eye for a cameo from Method Man at the 1 minute 50 mark.

### WHAT'S TRENDING?

## GAMING

WORDS : SAMUEL SPETTIGUE



PS4 / XBOX ONE

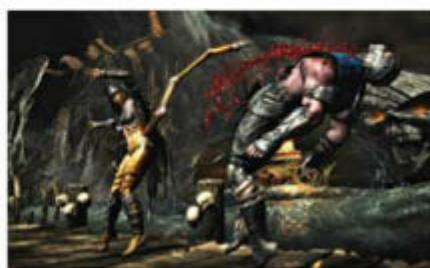
## MORTAL KOMBAT X

NETHER REALM STUDIOS

THE *Mortal Kombat* franchise has come a long way since its blood-splattered release in 1992. The original game featured seven playable characters, seven locations and more gruesome deaths than the club scene from *Blade*. Two decades and two fantastically cringe-worthy movies later, and we have the graphically impeccable *Mortal Kombat X* (*MKX*), the tenth installment in the *MK* franchise developed by NetherRealm Studios.

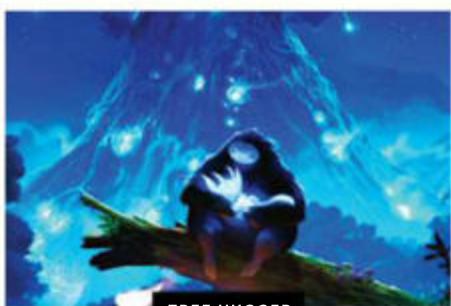
As a direct sequel to the 2011 reboot, *MKX* continues the story of the disgraced Elder God and conqueror Shinnok who seeks vengeance over the warriors of Earthrealm after his defeat and imprisonment in previous games. But let's face it, you don't play *Mortal Kombat* for the story; you play it to rip someone's spine out through their chest and feed it to them. Rest assured, *MKX* has no shortage of the stomach-churning gore the franchise is so famous for.

*MKX* features a full roster of asskickers, with many familiar faces returning such



as Johnny Cage, Liu Kang, Raiden and fan favourite Scorpion. There are also a number of new fighters that have been added to the roster which include Cassie Cage (Johnny Cage's daughter), Takahashi Takeda (Kenshi's Son) and D'Vorah (badass insect lady). *MKX* also features *Friday the 13th*'s resident slasher Jason Voorhees, as well as the alien-hunting Predator from the popular sci-fi franchise that Schwarzenegger made so famous.

One of the most important principles of good video game design is for the game to be 'easy to learn and difficult to master', and *MKX* delivers this on every level. The core fighting mechanics of the game are so tight that it can easily be picked up by complete button-mashing novices yet is still complex enough to challenge even the most seasoned tournament-level veterans. NetherRealm Studios have delivered not only the best *Mortal Kombat* game to date, but also one of the most polished, mature, addictive and enjoyable fighting games ever made.



TREE HUGGER

## ORI AND THE BLIND FOREST

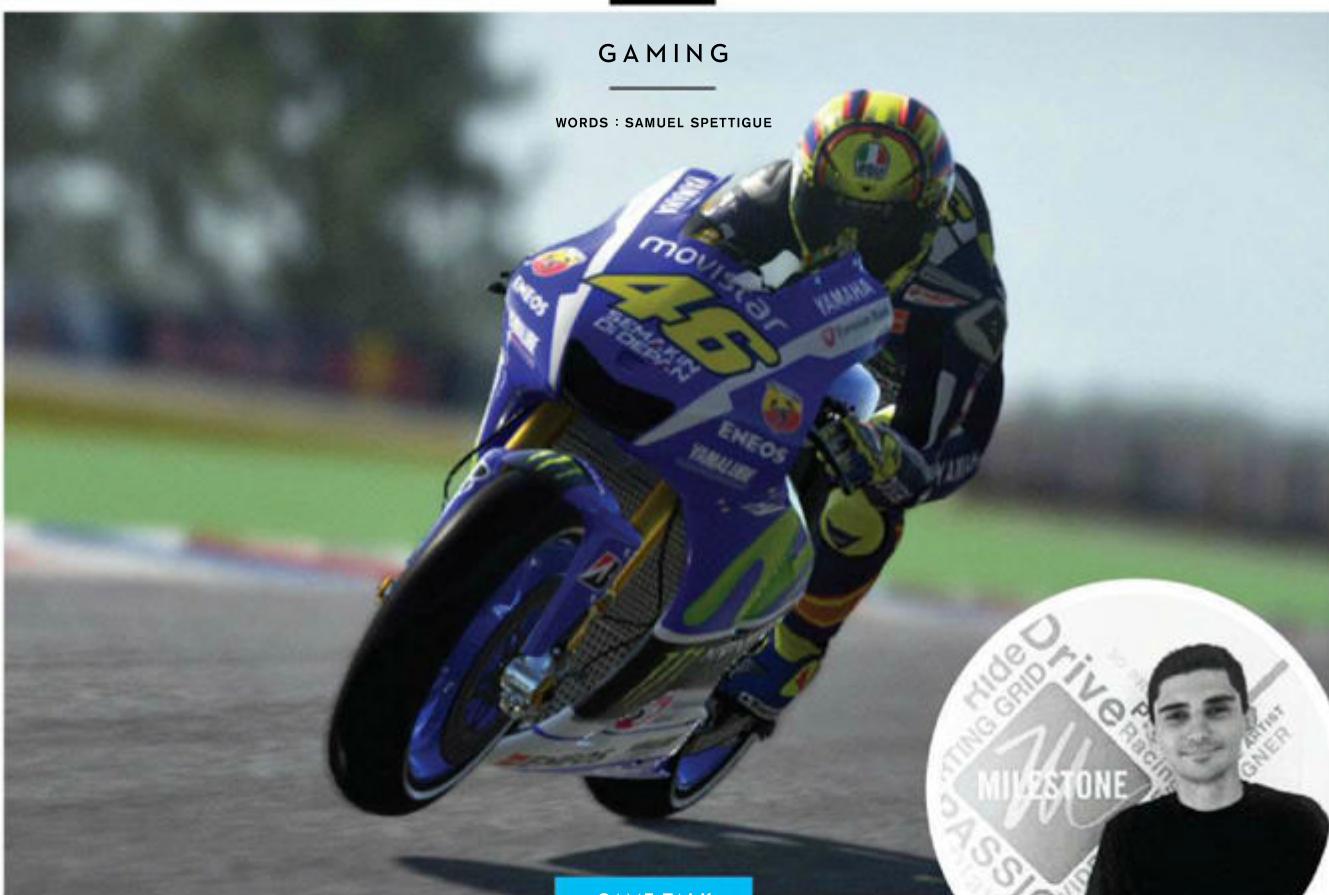
If you're a fan of challenging 2D platform adventure games, you should check out *Ori and the Blind Forest* right now. Designed by independent developers Moon Studios, it tells the story of Ori: an orphaned spirit who is on a journey to save his beloved forest. Coupling unbelievably beautiful design with outstanding gameplay (not to mention one of the most emotional and heartrending opening scenes ever seen in a video game), *Ori and the Blind Forest* is quite simply a masterpiece.



## STAR WARS: BATTLEFRONT

It's clear that 2015 is the year for *Star Wars* fans. With new trailers for *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* and *Rogue One* – the first of the *Star Wars* Anthology Series spin-off movies – there are obviously big things ahead for the epic sci-fi franchise. To add to the hype, EA announced *Star Wars: Battlefront*, a reboot of Lucas Art's long-running series. *Battlefront* is being developed by DICE – best known for the *Battlefield* franchise – and is pegged for a November release. Expect big things.

WORDS : SAMUEL SPETTIGUE



GAME TALK

## ANDREA BASILIO

MILESTONE TECHNICAL DESIGNER



FOLLOWING on the success of *MotoGP 13* and *14*, Milestone Studios are ready to push the racing genre to the next level in the third instalment in the series – *MotoGP 15*. The latest chapter features deep bike, rider and team customisation – with the ability to customise everything from your bike to the boots your rider wears – along with a raft of upgrades. We interviewed Milestone Studio's Technical Designer **Andrea Basilio** to get the low down on MotoGP's latest outing.

**PH: What were your main objectives when you started developing *MotoGP 15*?**

BASILIO: When we started we were thinking about creating a challenging experience; something completely new that created a great relationship between the game and the player. That's why we've added the new mode Beat the Time and Custom Team. Plus, we wanted to enhance and improve the online experience which was one of the main core features of the game for giving a more immersive appeal to the *MotoGP* experience.

**PH: What have you done this time around to make the game as realistic and immersive as possible?**

BASILIO: Physics, accuracy of the environments and graphics. We've worked with the physics team and the riders from the 2015 championship in order to understand how the behaviour of the bikes could be improved. We've also improved the 3D environments and the 3D model of bikes and rider.

**PH: Can you tell us about the graphics engine being used in *MotoGP 15*?**

**What optimisations have you made for next-generation hardware?**

BASILIO: After two titles on next generation hardware (*MotoGP 14* and *RIDE*) we have a better understanding of how to manage the power of the consoles. You can see the differences in the bikes, the riders and the environments. With the new shaders the lighting effects are more accurate than ever.

**PH: *MotoGP 2015* has a strong customisation focus, can you tell us a bit about the different types of customisation the game offers players?**

BASILIO: This is the most important evolution of *MotoGP 15*. The player can

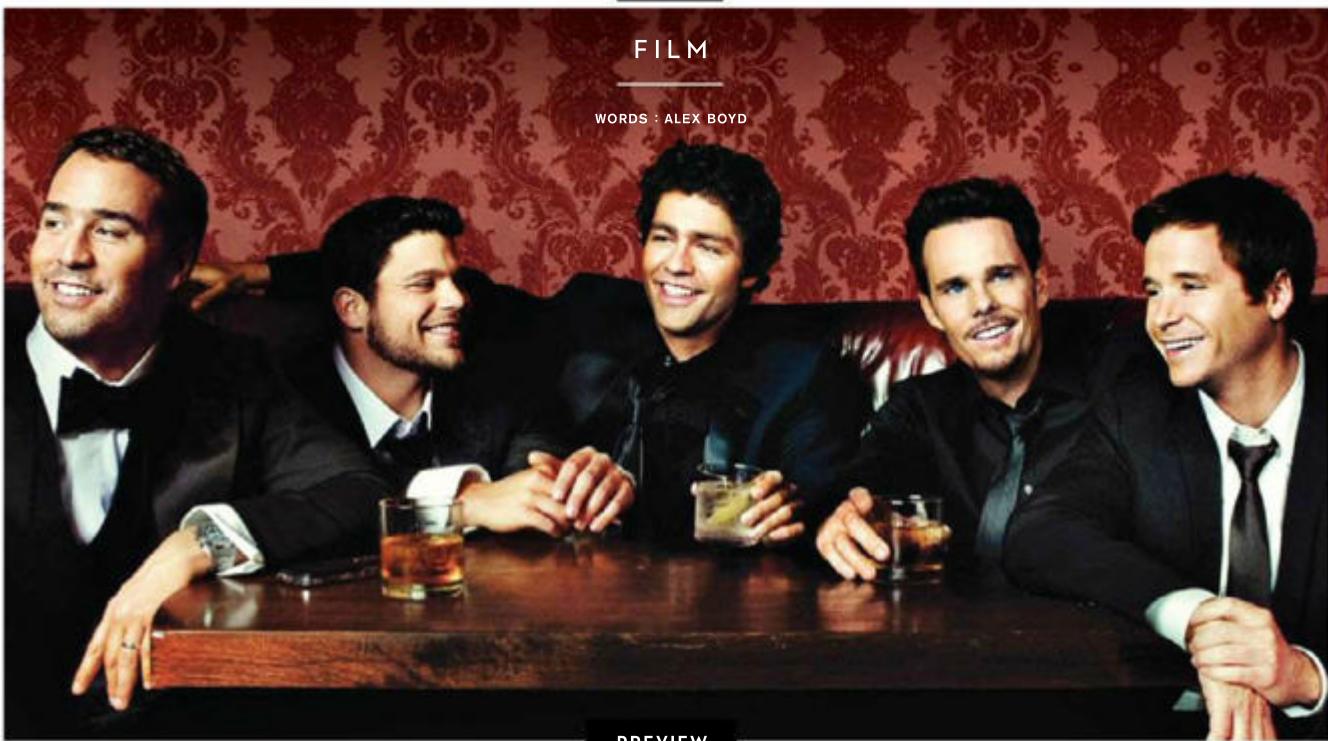
create and race for his own team. When the team is created the player will have the opportunity to buy a bike that they like and customise it as they prefer. Selection comes with several liveries available. The colours of the liveries can also be chosen and customised by the player.

**PH: What improvements have you made to career mode?**

BASILIO: Based on the experience of the previous chapter of *MotoGP* we've kept the basic structure and expanded it a lot. With the inclusion of custom teams, players can create their own team, use it, change it and put the team back. Once the player switches from his own team he can race with the official teams, keeping his team ready for another race. It is more player-oriented for an experience that's always interesting and fresh.

**PH: Can you tell us a bit more about the new game mode in *MotoGP 15*?**

BASILIO: We've developed Beat the Time mode for giving the spotlight to the less famous bikes that are normally overshadowed by the most famous ones of the championship. We will see interesting challenges online including a completely "challenge driven" leaderboard.



PREVIEW

## ENTOURAGE

WARNER BROS

CURIOUS fact about the eight (mostly) great seasons of *Entourage*: the show's star was Vincent Chase (Adrian Grenier), and its genius was how it hooked us to his rise through the hotbed of Hollywood. Vince was the man; the central character of which the fortunes of his four flunkies hung. And yet ... as viewers, we never really cared that much about Vince. Ari Gold was the *real* man. Ari, Vince's agent, delivered the real Gold with his withering sprays at underlings, his berartment of his gay assistant, his result-at any-cost approach to the film business. In workplace post-episode debriefs, no-one quoted Vince. It was all Ari. Ari Gold ruled.

Thankfully, all signs suggest that series creator Doug Ellin, who

also wrote and directed the big-screen adaptation of *Entourage*, is well across this. Of course there are yacht parties, sex tapes, bouts with UFC champion Ronda Rousey, and a continuous parade of celebrity cameos. But most importantly, Ari has transitioned from agent to studio head, and yep, Ari is on fire. With his own studio to run, Ari of course offers the lead in his first film to Vincent. The only problem is that Vince also wants to direct.

Problems arise when Vince quickly blows through his \$100 million budget. "If this movie tanks, Vince will not come back from this," Ari says. Meanwhile, the actor-director's longtime crew of misfits – Johnny Drama (Kevin Dillon), Turtle (Jerry Ferrara) and E (Kevin Connolly) – only aid in turning the project into a disaster.



### JUST FOR OPENERS

The opening scene of the *Entourage* film, insists creator/director Doug Ellin, is its most important. "It's been four years since the show finished and it would be a first impression to set the tone of the film," Ellin said. Knowing this, he requested an animation be made, shot for shot, of how the full-on, party-yacht sequence would unfold. A television show this ain't...



### JEREMY PIVEN ON BEING ARI GOLD

"THE character of Ari has been an incredibly fun one to play and, I'm guessing from the reaction, a fun character to watch. But as a person, it's not necessarily healthy for me to live there. Ari is a character played with *Commedia dell'arte* stakes, which is ... you're completely immersed in one of four states – happiness, sadness, anger, or fear – at all times. Everything means the world to him. And so it was just so fun and cathartic to play that. Yet at the same time, your body thinks you're throwing a temper tantrum for 12, 14 hours a day. So it can be a little taxing. But the flipside of Ari is that no matter what, he's a character that had a 'get out of jail free' card. You think that he's a pig, but all these crazy things he's doing are to put food on the table for his family."

WORDS : BEN SMITHURST

MIC UP

## THE PREATURES

MERCURY RECORDS

IT didn't matter in the pre-internet age, but in an era where everything from obscure porn to mainstream religion are accessible with the click of a mouse, then 'The Preatures' is a terrible band name. Even now, new music is usually heard for the first time over the radio, and so it's important that new fans be able to Google your name. Only The Preatures were 'The Preachers' – pronounced the same, but conventionally spelled – from when they formed in 2010 until 2012. They changed only because of "legal complications" with other bands. Lesser bands.

Not as un-Google-able as Prince, maybe, when he changed his name to an unpronounceable love symbol for seven years from 1997, or the current reigning champs, Sacramento dance punk band !!!, but still iffy. Forced name changes for legal reasons aren't cool. But The Preatures sailed through, because they're the coolest! All pale and angular and thin. And: great live.

Hence the super-confident Sydney five-piece's rapid rise. Despite having



just one album under their belt – last year's slinky, cool and poppy *Blue Planet Eyes*, featuring the breakthrough new wave-ish hit 'Is This How You Feel' – The Preatures have been lauded by everyone from *Rolling Stone* ("when the group hit the right formula, they hit it hard") to the judges of the prestigious \$50,000 Vanda & Young songwriting competition.

Tunes aside, The Preatures' other main

asset is super-clever, magnificently blunt and alarmingly attractive frontwoman/keyboardist Isabella 'Izzi' Manfredi. Not to besmirch her bandmates; four rakish types whose like might stumble hiply from any Bondi Bar at closing on a Sunday night. But Manfredi, 27, is the best.

"I can't perform in high heels," she told *Vice* magazine. (*Vice!* The coolest.) "Why bother? I'd only fall over like an arsehole."

### THE BREAKDOWN



#### THE LINE-UP

The band consists of Manfredi, guitarists Gideon Benson and Jack Moffitt, bassist Thomas Champion and drummer Luke Davison. Champion and Moffitt met at high school before linking up with Manfredi – described as "part Chrissie Hynde, part Chrissy Amphlett" by the ABC's Barry Divola – at the Australian Institute of Music in 2008.

#### THE LIVE SHOW

After years of solid touring, including of Europe and the US, the Preatures are tight, self-aware and full-blast on stage. "Add that to the undeniable charisma of singer Isabella Manfredi, whose swagger, thrusting energy and cocked-hip allure are balanced by puppy dog enthusiasm and playful interaction with bandmates," wrote Bernard Zuel, "and you've got a serious package."

#### THE ALBUM

Produced by Spoon drummer Jim Eno, the total runtime of *Blue Planet Eyes* is a shade under 35 minutes. And yet "The Australian five-piece's new album is tight, never showing a hint of filler," said US scenester site *Consequence Of Sound*. "It's an ideal length. The album's layers force listen after listen, and keep The Preatures from being a throwback band that never made it."

#### THE FUTURE

The band signed a five-album deal with Mercury Records in 2012; *Blue Planet Eyes* was written in just three weeks, and toured for just six months. "Our goal was just make the deadline," Manfredi said in May. "Now we're at the point where I'd like us to draw out the songs and see if there's something more to be said."

#### THE WANKERS

As a teenager, Manfredi ran with an uber-hip Bondi crowd – to whom she was considered uncool enough to be ejected from parties. Of course, those same ruling clique wankers now try to befriend her on social media. "I just ignore them. I'm not a forgive and forget person," she chirps. "Revenge is a great motivator, and I don't need to pretend to be friends with them now."

WORDS : SAMUEL SPETTIGUE



NOW SCREENING

## THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO 4K & THE BEST

If you've been anywhere near the internet in the last six months you are sure to have seen the latest buzzword in the tech world right now – 4K. Whether it's 4K TVs or 4K smartphones, 4K flicks at the cinema or 4K PC monitors – 4K is everywhere and there is no escaping it. But what exactly is it and why do we want it? We take a look at 4K technology and some of the best 4K TVs currently on the market.

### WHAT THE 4K IS IT ANYWAY?

According to the Consumer Electronics Association (CEA), a 4K device is broadly defined as something that displays 8 million+ pixels. Your local cinema tends to project movies with a resolution of 4086 x 2160 pixels, but the consumer format uses a slightly smaller resolution of 3840 x 2160 (known as Ultra High Definition/UHD or, in Samsung's case, SUHD). For comparison, 4K's predecessor and the once mighty 1080p has a resolution of 1920 x 1080 pixels (assuming a 16:9 aspect ratio). What does this mean exactly? Put simply, it means that 4K delivers roughly four times greater detail

than 1080p. Four times the detail, four times the clarity, four times a lady.

### UPSCALING

A common question when dealing with 4K is "does regular HD content look better on a 4K TV?" and the simple answer is yes, due to a feature called upscaling. Upscaling is the process a 4K TV goes through in order to allow 1080p content to fit on a 4K screen that has four times more pixels, despite having a much smaller resolution. However, the difference between regular and upscaled content is not significant. Whilst upscaling certainly reduces jagged edges, it does not add more detail to the image so the results can be varied and are often purely subjective.

### TO OLED OR NOT TO OLED

Plasma is officially dead, so there are currently two main contenders providing image technology: LED LCD or OLED. The majority of 4K TVs are LED LCD which is essentially an LCD TV that utilises LED backlights in order to display a picture. LED LCD is cheap to

manufacture and performs fairly well, but to really experience the wonders of 4K you need an OLED display. OLED differs to LED LCD as instead of relying on a backlight to illuminate the pixels on the screen, OLED pixels emit their own light. This has many benefits including an infinitely improved contrast ratio with much profounder blacks (on-screen black is truly black and not illuminated black) and much faster response times that will reduce motion blur and truly showcase 3D content. The major constraint with OLED is its cost as it is bloody expensive to manufacture. However a number of companies – including LG – are making a big OLED push, so while it is currently a very expensive technology that isn't quite ready for the mainstream market, it is without a doubt the future of high-definition home entertainment.

### 4K CONTENT

Having a shiny 4K TV is all good and well, but is there any 4K content available right now to make the most of it? Well, that's a loaded question as there are a couple of services that provide 4K

## SIZE MATTERS

- 8 million+ pixels = Excellent picture
- 8 million+ pixels on a 60-inch (and larger) screen + 4K technology truly shines, incredible picture
- 8 million+ pixels on a display smaller than 50" = No advantage to owning a 4K TV

Conclusion: When 4K is concerned, bigger delivers a better result



## TVs OF 2015

content in Australia right now such as Netflix and YouTube but compared to other countries our options are extremely limited. Not to mention the fact that Australian internet data bundles are shockingly bad and often don't provide consumers with much data to play with, so streaming a 4K movie would likely use up a large chunk of their monthly allowance in one big hit.

### THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT

Should you rush out and buy a 4K TV right now? If you want the best picture quality currently available and don't mind paying a substantial premium because you're an early adopter, then why not. Despite Australia lacking 4K content, the current market of 4K TVs are all fairly future proof and will last until more 4K content becomes available. That being said, with reasonably priced OLED TVs still a long way off it does also make sense to wait out the 4K storm. In the end it boils down to how patient you can be. Just remember, 4K TVs will only get cheaper.

### THE CONTENDERS



### SONY 65-INCH X950B 4K UHD

If you're looking for the best possible picture on an LED LCD screen, the X950B is about as good as it gets. Utilising Sony's exceptionally powerful picture engine X-Reality PRO, upscaled HD content looks incredible with fantastic black levels. The X950B is quite simply Sony's best LED LCD TV.



### SAMSUNG 65-INCH JS9500 CURVED 4K SUHD

The Samsung JS9500 is one of the best curved TVs on the market. With an incredibly vibrant picture quality that rivals any other upper-echelon LED LCD, the JS9500 – despite being more expensive than the average 4K TV – truly delivers performance that few 4K displays can contest.



### LG 65-INCH 77EG9700 CURVED 4K UHD

Featuring the sexiest, slimmest curved OLED screen you will ever see, superlative picture quality and the ability to display more colours than Joseph's Technicolor Dreamcoat, LG's 77EG9700 is not simply a TV – it's an experience. Sure, you could own a decent second-hand BMW for the same money, but when it lands in November, this will be big-screen king.

### SPECS

PRICE: US\$5999  
SCREEN TYPE:  
LED LCD  
REFRESH RATE:  
120HZ (NATIVE)  
INPUTS: 4 HDMI, 3  
USB, MHL  
SMART TV: YES  
3D: YES

### SPECS

PRICE: US\$5499  
SCREEN TYPE:  
CURVED LED LCD  
REFRESH RATE:  
240 CMR  
INPUTS: 4 HDMI,  
3 USB  
SMART TV: YES  
3D: YES

### SPECS

PRICE: \$24,999  
SCREEN TYPE:  
CURVED OLED  
REFRESH RATE:  
120HZ (NATIVE)  
INPUTS: 4 HDMI, 3  
USB, 1 COMPONENT,  
1 COMPOSITE, MHL  
SMART TV: YES  
3D: YES

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# THE CRUELEST CUT OF ALL

CHINA'S PRACTICE OF HARVESTING OF ORGANS FROM LIVE PRISONERS HAS SHOCKED THE WORLD, BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE TO END IT?

IT IS not unusual for Chinese politicians to be sued in foreign courts for illegally harming their citizens. Persecuted practitioners of the Falun Gong spiritual movement who flee China regularly bring civil actions against their torturers in Australian, Canadian and American courts.

But even given the amazingly efficient persecution of China's 100 million Falun Gong practitioners since 1999, it was the New South Wales Supreme Court in November 2007 that tore the scab off one of the worst examples of medical-homicide since the Nazis' death-camp doctors in the 1940s.

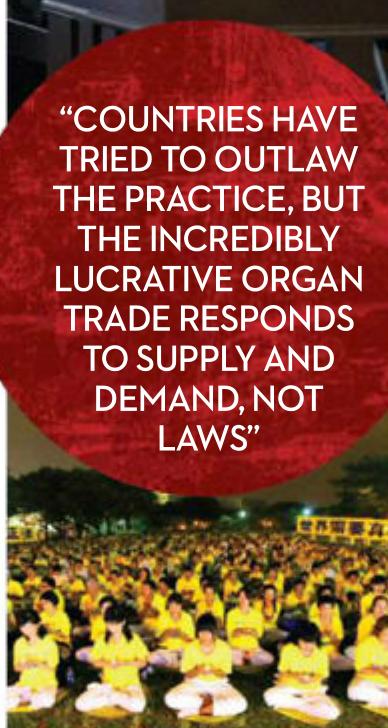
In its finding against provincial governor Bo Xilai (right), the Supreme Court accepted the evidence of Ms Liu Shuqin, who – having been thrown in a slave labour camp in Liaoning Province – had her blood tested, as a precursor to organ harvesting.

It sounds like an episode from *The Blacklist*, but the furtive imaginings of the screenwriters have nothing on the global trade in human organs, its epicentre being China. Earlier this year, SBS screened a documentary by Leon Lee called *Human Harvest: China's Organ Trafficking*, which calculated that 11,000 kidneys, livers, hearts, lungs and corneas are transplanted into patients each year, making China second only to the United States in transplant numbers. The problem? Red Cross reported just 37 organ donors in China in 2014.

The balance from these mismatched numbers is made up by what they



“COUNTRIES HAVE TRIED TO OUTLAW THE PRACTICE, BUT THE INCREDIBLY LUCRATIVE ORGAN TRADE RESPONDS TO SUPPLY AND DEMAND, NOT LAWS”



call 'live' donors: prisoners who are 'harvested' while they are still alive. The recipients are transplant tourists who travel to China for a new organ, at a cost of between US\$60,000 and US\$100,000.

The nations of the world have tried to outlaw the practice. But the incredibly lucrative organ trade responds to supply and demand, not laws.

In their 2006 investigative report *Bloody Harvest: Report into Allegations of Organ Harvesting of Falun Gong Practitioners in China*, the Canadian politician David Kilgour and civil rights lawyer David Matas, surveyed a number of Chinese hospitals where the wait-times for a kidney transplant were between one and two weeks.

"The astonishingly short waiting times advertised for perfectly-matched organs would suggest the existence of a large bank of live prospective 'donors'", says the report. "It is crucial to understand that the victims are not criminals and that their execution is not a legal execution of a sentence but an arbitrary act of murder after a successful tissue match."

The report includes an interview with the ex-wife of a surgeon who removed the corneas of around 2000 prisoners at Suijiajun hospital in Shenyang City during the two years to October, 2003.

The prisoners were Falun Gong practitioners, housed in an adjacent construction workers' camp and brought into the surgery when corneas

were required. When the program became too well-known the prisoners and the organ removal surgeries were transferred underground. The prisoners were injected with a substance that triggered heart-attack symptoms, but kept the prisoner alive.

The poorer nations of the world tend to supply organs to the wealthy ones: of the 66,000 kidney transplants around the world in 2004, an estimated 10 percent were as a result of transplant tourism, and the Transplantation Society estimated in 2003 that more than 5000 people each year sell their organs. The supply of cheap organs from poor people is where the trade gets its profits and it's this part of the puzzle that David Shoebridge, a Greens politician in the New South Wales Parliament, is trying to control with legislation.

"China's human organ trade is too huge to ignore," says Shoebridge, whose draft legislation will curtail Australian transplant tourism. "Our bill would make it illegal for a New South Wales resident to enter into a contract for, or to aid and abet in, the transplantation of dishonestly-obtained human organs."

His bill – due for a second reading in July – echoes what most international reports have said: that the trade exists because of wealth-disparity and the market forces of supply and demand. A wealthy person forced to wait for a lung or kidney for three uncertain years in Sydney could easily be tempted by an \$100,000 operation in China that can be booked in for a specific time.

Shoebridge says each Chinese organ donor is worth around US\$250,000 in parts and associated revenues in post-operative care and anti-rejection pharmaceuticals. He says Australians can't stop the trade, but we can make it illegal for Australians to partake in it.

"The only issue is one of extra-territoriality: can we control an Australian's actions in another territory? Well, we can with child sexual abuse and taxation, so I don't see why it can't be done with organ harvesting."

Shoebridge says his bill is not confined to China; it applies also to dishonestly-obtained organs in India, the Philippines and Central America.



He says the wealth disparity between developed and developing nations puts enormous pressure on vulnerable people to accept US\$3000 for a kidney, which will subsequently be sold for up to US\$100,000.

Europe also has problems with organ trafficking. The Organization for Security and Co-operation in Europe (OSCE) commissioned a report in 2013, called Trafficking in Human Beings for the Purpose of Organ Removal in the OSCE Region. Its author, Maria Grazia Giammarinaro, concluded that one-third of the OSCE region was in some way entwined in non-government organ trafficking which included players such as "brokers, traffickers, organisers, facilitators, and organ recipients, and/or as sites of transplant centres, clinics, or hosts of medical professionals such as anaesthetists, surgeons, nurses, nephrologists."

European organ trafficking centres on medical centres, research institutes and university clinics – inside the broader medical system but perhaps not under direct government control. Grazia Giammarinaro concluded in her report that one Moldovan kidney institute took organs from 300 victims, and medical research centres in various parts of Europe received hundreds of organs, bought from vulnerable people around eastern Europe.

Organ trafficking, she says, exists in a framework of 'modern-day slavery', in which the victims are so vulnerable and easily exploited that the crime is difficult to prosecute to the extent of its 'full criminality'.

The economics of organ trafficking are depressing: when a desperate Belarus widow sells her kidney for US\$2500, the wealthy transplant tourist is paying between US\$100,000 and \$200,000 to receive the kidney (2003 figures),



with the surgeon being paid between US\$15,000 and \$20,000 to do the operation. The highest-paid of all participants in the organ trafficking chain are the 'brokers' who are typically paid ten-times the amount charged for the organ.

One of the interesting facts of supply and demand is the reducing price of organs: investigators in Moldova found that the price of a kidney, when the trafficking network was young, was US\$10,000, but reduced over time to around US\$2500. The same thing happened in Recife, Brazil: when the word spread through poor communities that you could sell a kidney for US\$10,000, the brokers had a flood of donors and the price dropped to US\$3000. However, the reducing price for an organ doesn't mean cheaper operations: the surgeons, hospitals and brokers just pocket more profit, leaving less for the donor.

**"WHEN POOR COMMUNITIES LEARNED YOU COULD SELL A KIDNEY FOR US\$10,000, THE BROKERS HAD A FLOOD OF DONORS AND THE PRICE DROPPED TO US\$3000"**

Perhaps as shocking as China's harvesting of prisoners, is the propensity for organ brokers to recruit children to give up their kidneys. In the Netcare scandal, in which 200 rich Israeli transplant tourists flew to South Africa to receive kidneys from Romanians and Brazilians in the early 2000s, five of the donors were actually children. In all the busted European transplant rackets, minors have supplied organs to the network.

In 2013, Dr Huang Jiefu – China's former vice minister for health and a transplant surgeon himself – defended the practice of harvesting organs from prisoners before they were executed and



pointed out that death row prisoners now gave written consent to have their organs harvested.

It doesn't impress Falun Dafa NSW spokesperson, Caroline Dobson, who points out that 'consent' from a prisoner in the Chinese system probably wouldn't stand up to scrutiny in the Australian system. She says the Falun Gong community is encouraging other NSW politicians to back David Shoebridge's transplant tourism law as an apolitical initiative and she says other moves can be made to reduce the illegal organ harvesting.

"The transplant recipients come back from China, and they get all the post-op care they need on Medicare," she says, frustrated that Australians are too squeamish to confront the issue. "We're spending millions to support people who receive organs from murdered Chinese prisoners, but we whine about a \$7 co-payment at the doctor." 



# INTERNAL AFFAIRS

WHEN IT COMES TO THE ISSUE OF ORGAN DONATION, **STEPHEN CORBY** WOULD GIVE HIS LEFT KIDNEY TO BE LEFT RIGHT OUT OF IT...

**M**ANY years ago, I traded a speeding fine for an autopsy, and I've been squeamish about my own dissection ever since.

I was a young, virtually suicidal motorcyclist; he was a Highway Patrolman wearing jodhpurs, who turned out to know me professionally and offered me a trade – letting me off a fine for the absurd speed he'd just caught me doing, in exchange for joining him to watch an autopsy of the next dead biker his colleagues scraped off a road.

It's very odd how weirded-out human beings are by cadavers; after all, they're just the fat, gristle and bone left over from what used to be a person. A huge number of people, particularly in Australia, are horrified at the thought of dead bodies being cut up, even if it's to harvest organs that could save the life of a suffering child, or parent.

Organ donation is something that inspires drastic double standards. The number of us who would willingly give one of our kidneys, while we're still alive, to help a friend or relative is vastly higher than those who would let someone take it from us when we're no longer using it. It's hard to except, but after you're dead your body really is about as much use as a rotary-dial telephone.

In global terms, Australia's living kidney donation rates are excellent – several times higher than people in Spain, France,

A recent doco called *Human Harvest: China's Organ Trafficking*, calculated that 11,000 Chinese kidneys, livers, hearts, lungs and corneas are transplanted each year. Despite the fact that the Red Cross reported just 37 organ donors in the whole country in 2014 (out of 1.357 billion people, which means they make us look good).

Showing a kind of evil genius for organisation, China doesn't wait for people to die before they harvest their organs, with so-called "live donors" being plucked from the prison population. Their healthy bits are then sold to "transplant tourists" for as much as \$US100,000.

Sure, this sounds bad, but fear not, because the Chinese authorities say that death-row prisoners give written consent to have their vital organs removed before being shot. Considering what we know about the justice system in China, we can be sure that everything is completely above board, then.

Elsewhere in the world, perhaps even more remarkably, poor and deeply desperate people will sell their organs to human brokers, who will pass them on at huge profit to richer but equally desperate patients.

Frankly, every kind of organ farming – whether it be from the unexpectedly dead body of someone I know, a beggar in Belarus or a Chinese prisoner – makes me feel ill, but then I'm not sitting around waiting for an organ.

Raising our rates of donation, either through education, some

## "SHOWING A KIND OF EVIL GENIUS FOR ORGANISATION, THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES DON'T WAIT FOR PEOPLE TO DIE BEFORE THEY HARVEST THEIR ORGANS"

Austria and Italy, which have the world's highest deceased organ donor rates.

Our consent rate for donating after death, on the other hand, is 57 per cent, compared to Spain's 82 percent. You have to wonder what the difference is. Has watching all that bull fighting made them less squeamish than us?

While our rates aren't great – of the roughly 146,500 people who died in Australia in 2011, only 730 were identified as potential organ donors, and just 337 actually became donors – we can at least blame our families. You might think that because you've ticked a box on your licence form to give your organs they'll be doing someone some good when you're gone, but the fact is that under our laws your family will still be asked to make the final decision for you. And Australian families refuse organ-donation requests 40 to 50 percent of the time.

All this can make it fiendishly frustrating to be waiting on the donor list, but fortunately the Chinese are here to help.

kind of shaming exercise or an extremely clever and affecting advertising campaign all seem like plausible answers, but frankly I'd rather put my faith in science.

You may recall that, in 2012, some weird scientists managed to grow a human ear on the back of a rat, which seems slightly pointless, but what they were working on, tissue engineering, is now bearing fruit.

Following on from bioengineered skin, which is used to provide skin grafts for people who suffer burns, tissue engineers are now growing whole organs, including bladders and kidneys. Windpipes, blood vessels and even parts of a larynx have been successfully transplanted into humans already, and even hearts and lungs should be possible in the future. Plus, being grown from your own cells means they won't have rejection issues.

Frankly, this is a scientific breakthrough that can't come fast enough, particularly if you're a Chinese prisoner, or even just an Australian with a weak stomach. 



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HEATHER STARLET

STEPHEN HICKS

# PERFECTLY CHILLED

THE WEATHER MAY BE COLD,  
BUT HEATHER IS HOT ENOUGH  
TO COMPENSATE



**W**HEN I'm in front of the camera, I'm a lot more out-there than I am in my day-to-day life. Being in front of the lens allows me to fulfil a lot of my fantasies. I'm me... but with more gumption.

"Some of my most intense orgasms have been on camera. I'm not sure if it's because of the atmosphere, that I'm being watched through a camera lens, or that I'm performing to make it look sexy. Probably all of the above. But yeah, I get off frequently during photoshoots. It's more rare if I don't get turned on, actually.

"At school, I was part of the "popular" crew. I was the cheerleading captain. I was on the debate team. I was involved in theatre. I got a lot of attention from the boys.

I'm sure my friends from school would probably be quite shocked to see where I ended up today... but I bet most of them would just think it was pretty cool.

"When I'm not working, I love going to the gym, nature walks and camping. I also love cooking, DJ'ing and dancing."













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## PROFILE

WORDS : ALEX BOYD

# THE LIFE OF RYAN

CRITICS HAVE SLAMMED HIS DIRECTORIAL DEBUT, BUT THAT'S ALL WATER OFF THIS GOSLING'S BACK, AS HIS STAR CONTINUES TO CLIMB

**B**EFORE sitting down to interview Ryan Gosling, it's easier than you might think to forget what he sounds like. In his recent films, the 34-year-old Canadian has gone from laconic to monastic. The tone was set with *Drive*, the 2011 neon-lit crime drama in which he wore a white satin bomber jacket and stomped a man's head into a ghastly pavement pizza, but said nothing about both decisions. Where other actors had words, Gosling had soulful glowers. By the time he starred in *Only God Forgives*, in 2013, he had whittled things down to 17 lines.

It was surely then only logical to take the next step and leave the screen completely. In his directorial debut *Lost River*, Gosling is spared from delivering dialogue, but at a price. On this side of the process, the director is obliged to keep talking – especially when, as Gosling is, they are also the writer and producer. And especially when the film is *Lost River*.

In the US, belted and bloodied by the critics, his debut saw only limited cinema release; elsewhere it went straight to video on demand. Here in Australia, as we went to press, the distributor claimed it would see the big screen, but could not provide a date.

"I know people are surprised I've made it," Gosling says. "But it's the movie I wanted to make."

The film is set in the post-industrial township of the title, a loosely fictional stand-in for Detroit, where it was shot. Among the tumbledown houses, a single mother called Billy (Christina Hendricks) scrapes by with her two sons, one a toddler, the other a young man named Bones (Iain De Caestecker). There is a turf war about scavenged copper, a Grand Guignol burlesque nightclub. There is mutilation, lust, a fairytale mood, all manner of visual hi-jinks. To call *Lost River* a crazed pop-gothic phantasmagoria is just how it is – like saying *Jaws* is about a shark.

There have been other descriptions. About a year ago, the film had its world premiere at Cannes. Within two hours it was

a disaster, engulfed by a monster wave of terrible reviews. It was, apparently, ridiculous – a grand folly, stewed in ripped-off imagery and its own self-importance. *Lost River* was described as "colossally indulgent, shapeless, often fantastically and unthinkingly offensive and at all times insufferably conceited" by the *Guardian*'s Peter Bradshaw. Other critics were in agreement, with the *Telegraph*'s Robbie Collin dishing out just one star and branding the movie "mouth-dryingly lousy", while *Total Film*'s Matt Risley said it felt "like a student film with an A-List cast".

At the mention of this, Gosling does not scowl or pout. He listens attentively then gives a small, neat nod at the point you finish speaking. "We had an incredible night," he says. "The screening was a great experience. I've read people were booing. It's just not true. That narrative has been distorted." But the critical response? "Right. That was what it was."

Maybe it was always going to be this way. Following his 2001 breakthrough as a Jewish neo-Nazi in *The Believer*, Gosling enjoyed a decade of smooth ascent. He was seen as super talented; a fireball of charisma. There were comparisons with Steve McQueen. His ludicrous good looks made him an internet meme. Gosling at the time of *Drive* was the essence of movie star. Women wanted him; men wanted to be him. He had also reached the most treacherous point in an actor's career, where just turning up can look self-parodic: the perfect moment for a backlash.

The sensible first film to make as a director might have been a modest slice of downbeat social realism. Instead, *Lost River* has Ben Mendelsohn performing a dervish sex boogie and Gosling's real-life partner Eva Mendes awash in a slick of stage blood. (Off-screen, the couple had a daughter, Esmeralda, in September last year.) Further dissonance comes with the casting of former *Doctor Who* Matt Smith as psychotic local hoodlum Bully, who cruises Detroit's ruins in a motorised armchair demanding we "look at my muscles".

And so came Gosling's Icarus moment. At the screening I went to, just his name in the credits caused a snigger behind me. The only complication is that the film is fascinating. It's true it has the tang of other film-makers, not least David Lynch and Nicolas Winding Refn, director of *Drive* and *Only God Forgives*. But in a movie filled with vivid performances (none of which happened by accident), some of the most potent sights come straight from Gosling. And some, like the fetishistic moulded plastic "shell" women at the club are paid to be locked into, carry troubling weight. Life would be simpler if *Lost River* was as shallow as they say. It may not be.

He explains how the idea for the film took hold when he was in Detroit making political thriller *The Ides of March*. The place had always fascinated him, the home of Motown and the auto industry. Having found the modern reality was "40 miles of abandoned neighbourhoods," he bought a camera and began to shoot. A story started percolating.

At first, it seems odd that he would have cast in this orgy of Americana one actor from Glasgow (De Caestecker), another from Northampton (Smith), and in Saoirse Ronan and Mendelsohn, an Irishwoman and an Australian. But then Gosling isn't American but Canadian – raised in Cornwall, Ontario.

The town lies across a bridge from the US border. As a child, he lusted for the country just out of reach; its movies, music, its promise of a "middle-class life". His own was a "struggle". The cute story about Gosling as a boy is that he adopted Marlon Brando's accent after deciding his own wasn't tough enough. Less cute is that he was diagnosed with ADHD, prescribed Ritalin, and couldn't read until he was 10. Is he in touch with anyone from that time? A childhood friend? "I didn't really have

"Well, the environment in Detroit can be threatening and ominous, and it reminded me of a feeling I had when I was a kid. Because my mother wasn't just a single mother, she was also very beautiful. And men were like wolves. Just walking down the street with her was scary. There was a predatory vibe. Guys would whistle, or they'd circle in their cars ..." He was angry, but mostly terrified. "You want to protect your family, but you feel weak and helpless. And it ignites your imagination, because you start to picture scenarios in which you could defend her."

His mother, Donna, has seen the film. "She liked it, I think." She was "involved in the process," visiting him in Detroit. Gosling talks about the film as a ramshackle thing made by friends – an almost-family. He and Mendes spent the wardrobe budget at the Salvation Army, returning with bin bags from which the cast were invited to choose a costume. The result ending up at Cannes still troubles him. "A lot of people worked very hard on the film, and it was a chance to showcase their work ..." He frowns. "But this movie was basically homemade. And to be there in tuxedos ... it felt incongruous."

By then the movie didn't just belong to Gosling. It was also the property of Warner Brothers, the American rights bought for \$3m when the film was unfinished. After Cannes, the studio tried selling them.

He mentions a scene shot in the derelict theatre where the Stooges played their first concert. It's about to be pulled down, he says, and the same has happened to the project where the Supremes were formed. He discusses his love for *Night of the Hunter*, the unclassifiable 1955 masterpiece made by the actor Charles Laughton, received so poorly at the time he never directed another film. "I can't wait to do it again," he says when I

## "I HAD MY HUSTLE. IF I HAD TO SHAKE IT LIKE A SHOWGIRL, I WAS GOING TO DO IT"

friends back then. It was a tight little family unit. We rolled with each other." He made a friend, he says, when he was 15.

By then, famously, he had spent two years in Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club*, having uncovered a gift for performance. His TV appearances with Justin Timberlake and Britney Spears are on YouTube. It's freaky how much he looks like a smaller, unstubbled version of his adult self, scampishly singing Jodeci's 'Cry For You'. "I had my hustle. It was whatever I could do to not end up working in a factory. If I had to shake it like a showgirl, I was going to do it."

If the money problems that haunt *Lost River* feel a long way from Gosling's Hollywood life, they're not so far from his old one. Cornwall was a town built on a paper mill, that one operation employing most of his family. When he was a boy, the company collapsed. What awaited, he says, was: "Disarray. Disaster."

One accusation often levelled at *Lost River* has been style over substance, that behind its cavalcade of cool stuff to look at lies nothing more. The stranger thought might be that, behind its weird-burger aesthetic, this is raw autobiography – a film star showing us the inside of his head.

Gosling's parents divorced when he was 13. Watching *Lost River*, he says, he sees "a visualisation of my emotions at that time. Everything demolished."

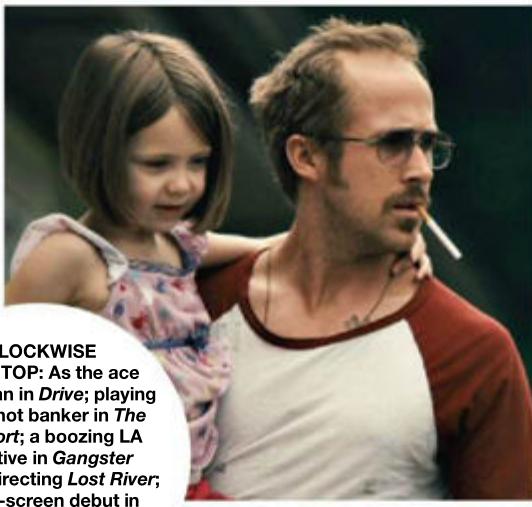
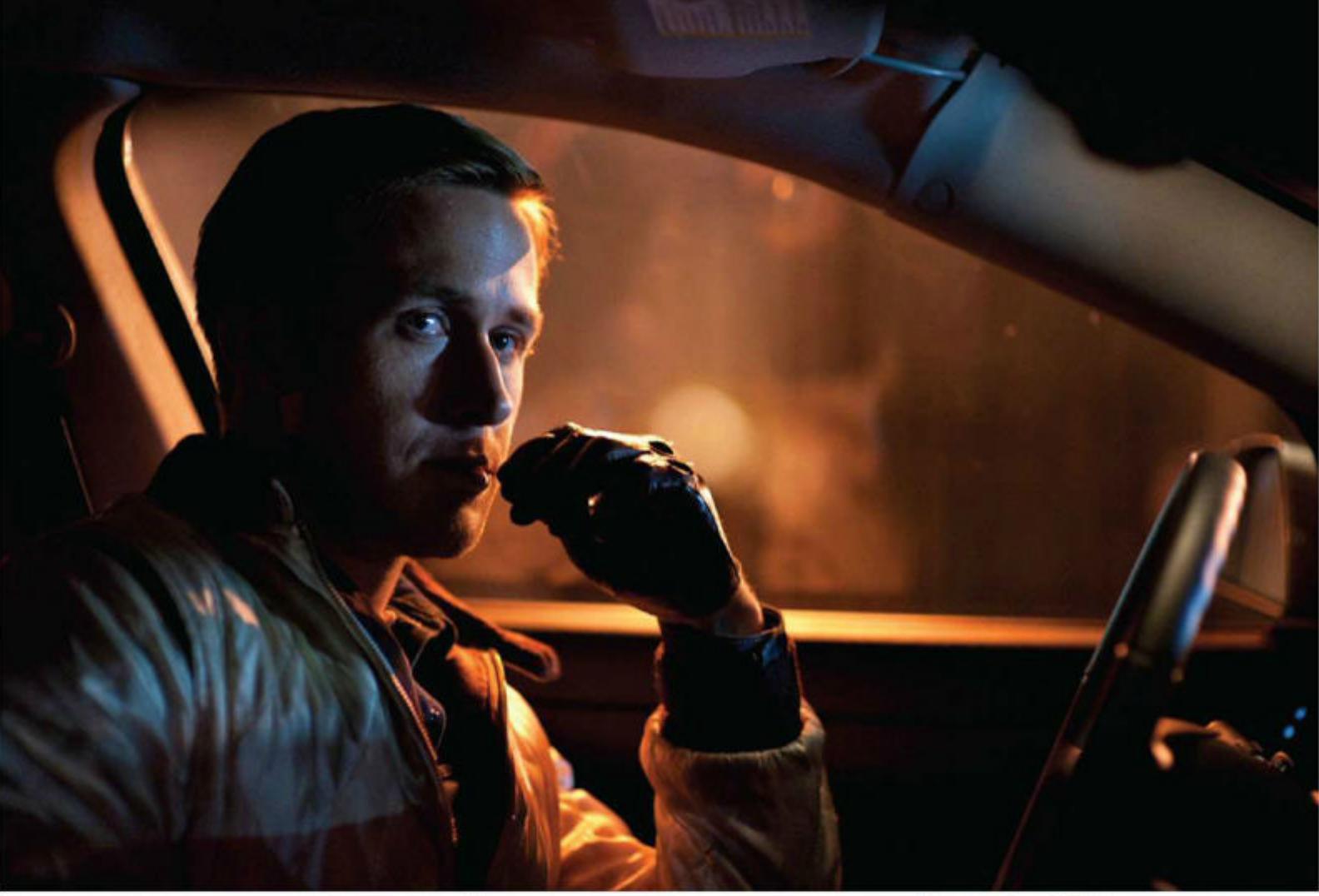
I tell him when I watch it, I see a film about a single mother.

ask if the same goes for him. "I'm champing at the bit."

Whether he gets the chance remains to be seen. In the meantime, it's back to what he does best. He's tipped to star in a sequel to *Blade Runner*, while Gosling's current project is the film adaptation *The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine*, Michael Lewis' nonfiction thriller and tell-all about the global financial crisis. Brad Pitt's production company is behind the film, and, along with Pitt and Gosling, the all-star cast will include Christian Bale, Steve Carell and Marisa Tomei. Writer/director is Adam McKay, the longtime Will Ferrell collaborator best known for *Anchorman* and *Talladega Nights*.

*The Big Short* tells the story of the housing bubble through the eyes of Michael Burry (played by Bale), a 32-year-old neurologist-turned-investor and one-eyed eccentric who spotted the subprime-mortgage crisis early and made a huge bet against it. Gosling plays Deutsche Bank trader Greg Lippmann, who also saw the crisis coming and offset losses on mortgage investments with wagers against subprime debt that made almost \$1.5 billion.

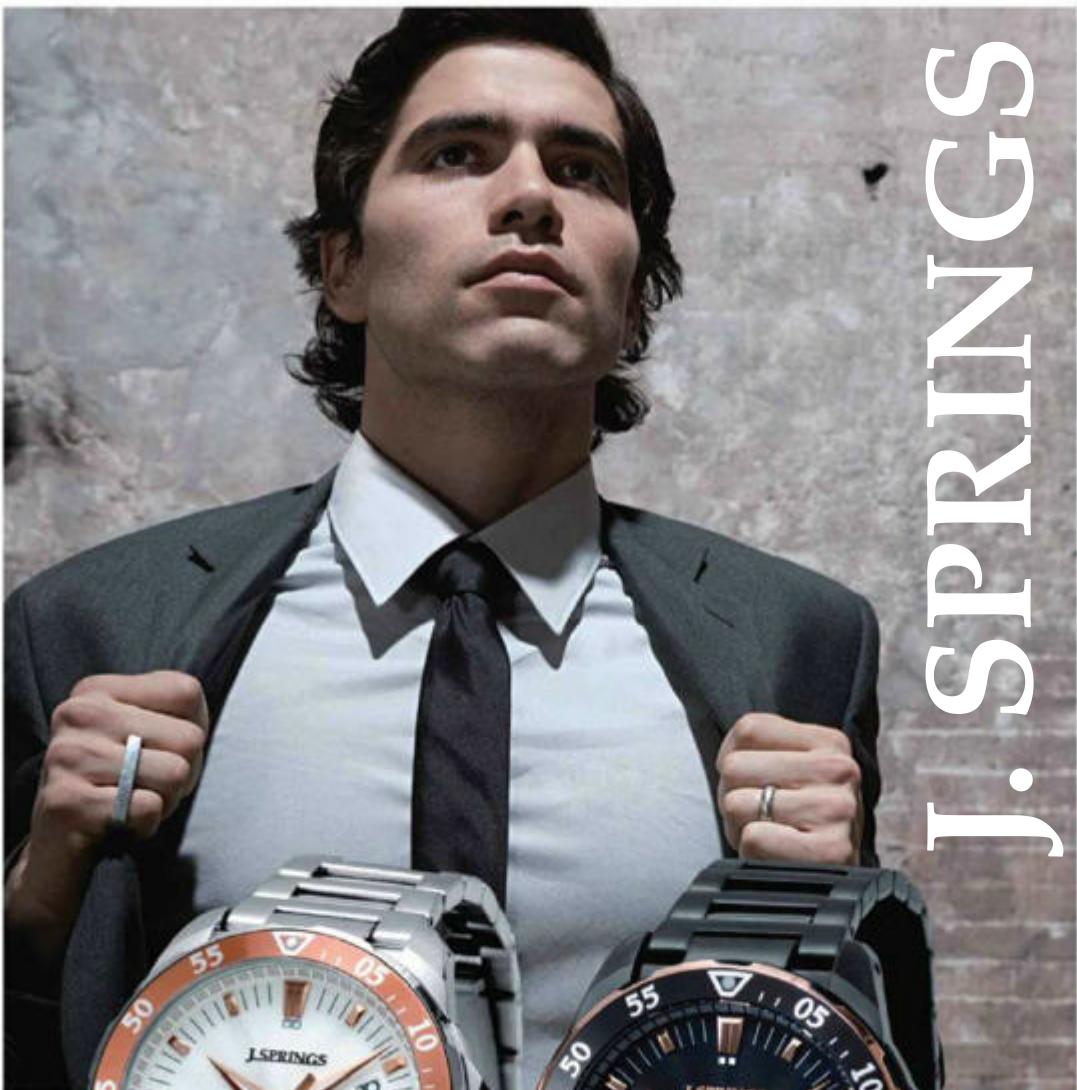
Gosling, meanwhile, scrapes by on around just a million or two for the sort of indie films he mostly chooses, but according to industry sources, now has the star power to command \$10m or more from the big studios, plus a cut of the box office. Ample to cushion him, then, if he chooses to do another *Lost River*. CH



CLOCKWISE  
FROM TOP: As the ace  
wheelman in *Drive*; playing  
a hot-shot banker in *The  
Big Short*; a boozing LA  
detective in *Gangster  
Squad*; directing *Lost River*;  
his big-screen debut in  
*The Believer*; seeking  
domestic harmony in  
*Blue Valentine*.



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# HIGH LIFE

LIVING LARGE

## ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE

IF YOU LIKE YOUR WINTER  
HOLIDAYS STEEP, DEEP, AND  
INVOLVING LITTLE SLEEP,  
YOU'VE COME TO THE  
WHITE PLACE...

WORDS : MARK ABERNETHY

T'S that time of year: you've dug out the gear from the garage, decided those trusty Rossis can last for one more season and reminded yourself: if I put my gloves away wet, they'll reemerge moldy. The ski bug bit yonks ago and you know you'll be hitting the slopes this year. And by 'year' we mean the 12 months from June in Argentina & Chile to June in northern Sweden's Riksgransen, way up there in the Arctic Circle. With all of the Australian, New Zealand, European and North American resorts that come between.

Skiing was first practiced in China and Mongolia long before the Roman Empire rose, by stockmen trying to cover distances on snow. The word 'ski' came about from the old Norwegian word for planks of firewood. There's now more than 115 million skiers and snowboarders around the world, encompassing 70 countries and around 2000 official ski areas. There is also cross-country skiing, snow-cat tours and heli-skiing operations that unlock back country, from the forests of Alaska to the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego. We have our own Olympic Games, our own alpine sports cable channels and an equipment industry forecast to be worth US\$1.6 billion by 2017.

Australia has only a 2 percent participation-rate in snow-sports, and New Zealand 7 per cent: it's not high compared with the Swiss (37%), Austrians (36%) or Norwegians (25%), but Asia-Pacific skiers are well-travelled: in the 2014

International Report on Snow & Mountain Tourism, the Asia-Pacific (Japan, Korea, China, Australia and NZ) contributed 20 percent of the world's ski visitors, more than the Americas (19%) or the Alps (17%).

Snow tourism is dominated by the mega-resorts in the European Alps which take around 44 percent of all ski visitors, and North America's resorts which take 21 percent.

The snow sports world is highly varied. You can ski in Sardinia and Morocco, South Africa and Lebanon. There are Jewish and Christian ski tours and a large gay skiing scene. You can do it with hired skis and a K-mart parka, or you can spend \$4000 on a new kit. And either way gives you just as much fun.

Skiing is not all kumbaya: Pakistan's ski resort at Malam Jabba was over-run by the Taliban in 2008 and its buildings burned to the ground, although the sharia Ayatollahs of Iran keep their ski fields open. The sheer joy of skiing is not favoured by sharia adherents: a group of Oslo gays skied through the Gronland district in 2010 to protest harassment by the Sharia Police. Snowboarders can feel some discrimination too. The American resorts – Deer Valley, Alta and Mad River Glen – still ban boarders for the danger they pose, and the French ban heli-skiing because it takes the enjoyment of the mountains away from everyone not in the helicopter.

So what are your choices?

## AUSTRALIA

**Perisher Blue (Perisher, Blue Cow, Guthega, Smiggin Holes), NSW:** A combination of four Snowy Mountain ski villages, with ski areas covering more than 1200 acres and 48 lifts. The centerpiece, Perisher, is Australia's most expensive resort and the best equipped: you park in Crackenback and catch the tube train through the tunnel to a ski-in/ski-out resort which has good skiing, a half-pipe and a fun park. Nightlife is above average, with loads of roaming singles with a drink in their hand. Smiggin Holes is a family village, and when skiing Guthega, try the Guthega Alpine Inn.

**Falls Creek, Vic:** Only 11 lifts but a full range of runs, a fun park and half-pipe. This is Victoria's largest ski resort and when the snow's around, most of the accommodation is ski-in/ski-out from the village. It's a big family resort so lift queues can be long. When the snow's bad, it's crud.

**Charlotte Pass, NSW:** Australia's highest ski resort is snowbound, so when you book a Charlotte Pass lodge, you are snow-catted in. Very beautiful and although the lift pass prices are mid-range, there's only five. The snow is good but après ski is very family.

**Thredbo, NSW:** Australia's longest ski runs and steepest drops, you ski through the trees making it true Gum Tree Skiing. Thredbo is on the Alpine Way road through

Kosciuszko National Park and has good nightlife for both family dudes and singles: Berni's or the T-Bar are as good as any après ski bar in Aspen. Tip: when it's warm the afternoon slush is very heavy.

**Mt Buller, Vic:** a Victorian ski field just a few hours drive north of Melbourne. More than 20 lifts servicing a good mix of runs, with a few rocky drop-offs for those who go looking. Lots of snow, thanks to snow-makers, and a good nightlife for families and singles, even if it's a little expensive. Pick of the bars: Snow Pony.

**Mt Hotham, Vic:** Hotham is for shredders. It has 12 lifts, mid-range snowfall and small vertical drop (395m). Not an electric nightlife, but great skiing when the snow's in, especially down the steeper lower reaches of the mountain.

**Selwyn, NSW:** a family-oriented, 10-lift ski field, heavily reliant on snow-making. A great place to take kids: most of the mountain is beginner or intermediate.

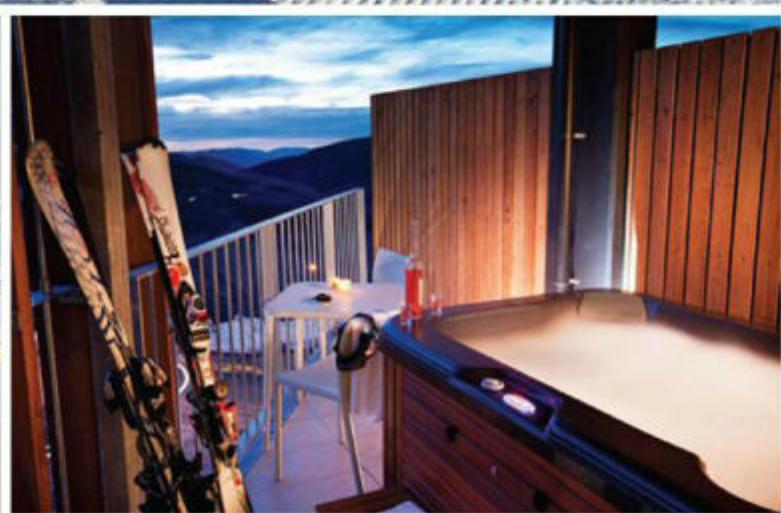
**Mt Baw Baw, Vic:** closest ski field to Melbourne (2.5 hours drive) it has seven lifts and is half the price of Perisher or Thredbo. Very family, and very varied, with cross country groomed trails and dog sled tours. Tip: mid-week skiing is very cheap.



Perisher



Falls Creek



Mt Hotham





## NEW ZEALAND

**Coronet Peak, NZ:** The number-one overseas destination for Australian skiers. The snow on this mountain stays fresh even on a warm day; the vertical drop is only 420 metres but there's a mix of steep expert and gentle beginners' slopes and family-friendly features such as all-day ski school and free skiing for the under-7s (standard for South Island ski fields). Queenstown by night is hopping: there's 130 bars and restaurants on the shores of Lake Wakatipu. Get warm and drink too much at places like the Pig & Whistle and the Boiler Room.

**The Remarkables, NZ:** Across Lake Wakatipu from Coronet is The Remarkables ski field, a paradise for the intermediate skier. It's a relaxed place but warm afternoons mean slush.

**Treble Cone, NZ:** The steepest ski field in the South Island (vertical drop 700m), Treble Cone's view of Lake Wanaka is amazing, and the skiing is 45 per cent advanced, which is why the Austrian ski team uses it for offseason training. Not many lifts, but great skiing and a big honest Kiwi nightlife back in Wanaka: pool tables, juke boxes, beer and lamb roasts. A favourite for Aussie skiers.

**Cardrona, NZ:** Between Queenstown and Wanaka, this is a beginner and intermediate hill and a hit with families. Tip: stay at the Cardrona Hotel for a taste of old-school New Zealand.

**Mt Hutt:** Canterbury's biggest ski area is good snow with challenging skiing. But it has only four lifts and is famous for high winds that shut the mountain. You stay 25 minutes away in Methven. Try the Blue Pub: it has a bar, food and rooms totally set-up for skiers.

**Turoa:** On the slopes of the North Island's Mt Ruapehu, Turoa has the biggest vertical drop in Australasia and the most varied and challenging skiing. Parts of this field have been used for speed-skiing competitions and national ski-squad training. Stay down the hill, in Ohakune, at the Powderhorn Chateau or Kings for big nights of après.

**Whakapapa:** On the western side of Ruapehu, Whakapapa is the only commercial ski field in New Zealand with on-mountain accommodation, in club lodges. But everyone drifts down to the bars at The Chateau Tongariro hotel – a big brick place at the base of the mountain road. Whakapapa skiing is good for beginners and intermediates.



Coronet Peak



The Remarkables



TAKEN TO THE MAX

#### MOST EXPENSIVE

Perisher, NSW: two-day pass \$244 weekdays. Single room, two nights in July: \$298



#### CHEAPEST SKI FIELD

Shemshak, Iran: weekday lift pass US\$6. Shemshak Hotel, US\$15 per night twin share.

#### LONGEST VERTICAL DROP

2750 metres at the Valle Blanche, Chamonix, France. Go to the top of the mountain, walk along the icy ridge (arête), and ski 22 kilometres, down to below the bottom of the field. Do this with a buddy – the Valle Blanche is famous for its crevices covered with snow-bridges.

#### LONGEST VERTICAL DROP IN NORTH AMERICA

1713 metres at Revelstoke, BC, Canada. When you get off the gondola at the top of the mountain, you can ski for around 15 kilometres (extend it by hiking up Mt McKenzie before starting your descent.)

#### LONGEST VERTICAL DROP IN AUSTRALASIA

722 metres, Turoa, New Zealand. A very fast descent, through backcountry glaciers, chutes and bowls. On a clear day, hike to the summit, eat your lunch and then take on the whole dammed mountain.

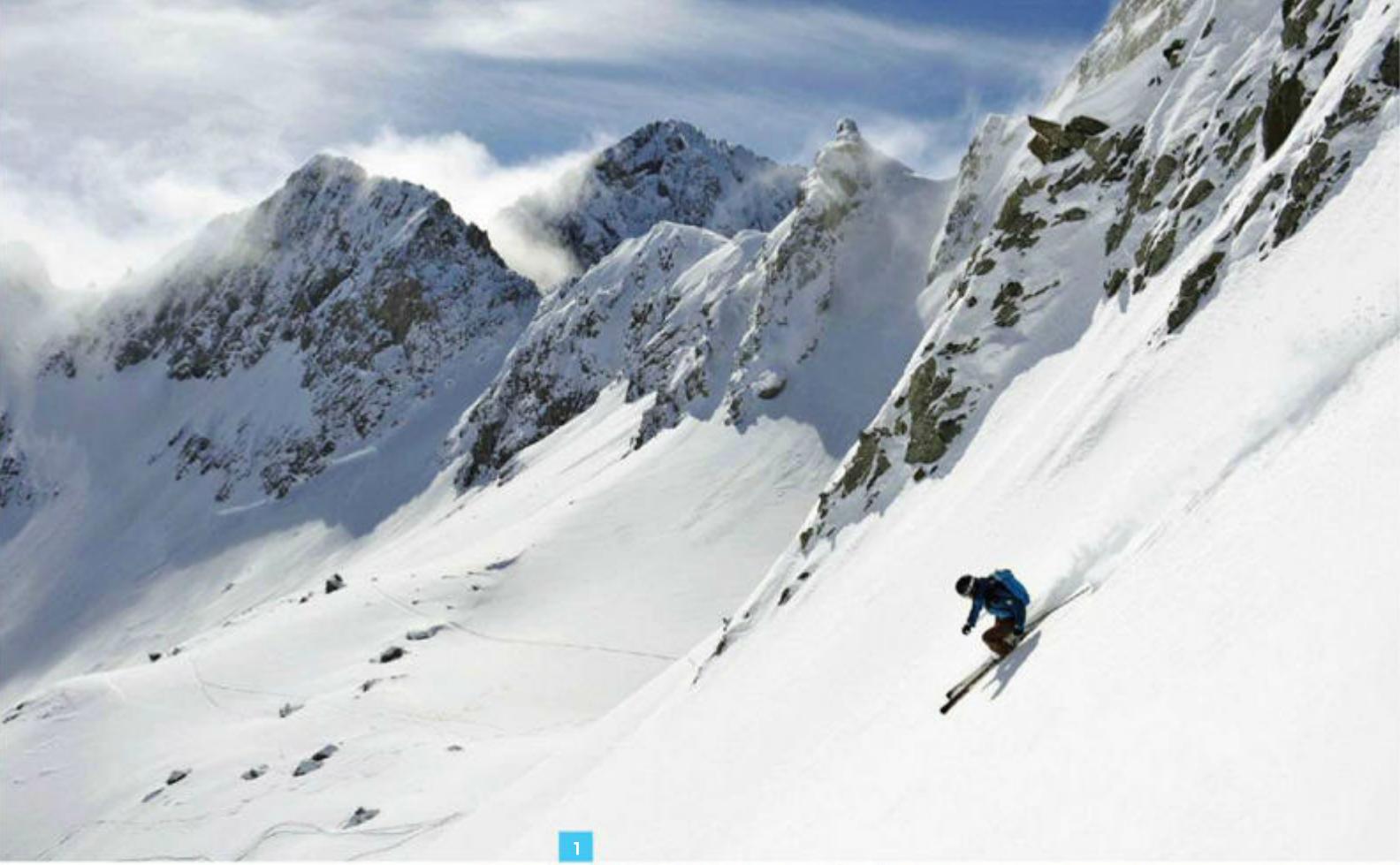


#### COLDEST

The coldest ski resorts are probably Sky in Mongolia, and Riksgransen in Sweden, which can both get down to minus 50° overnight.

Beauty always has its cost, and the food in Iceland – particularly if you don't love dried fish – is almost as much of a test as the booze prices, which are legendary.

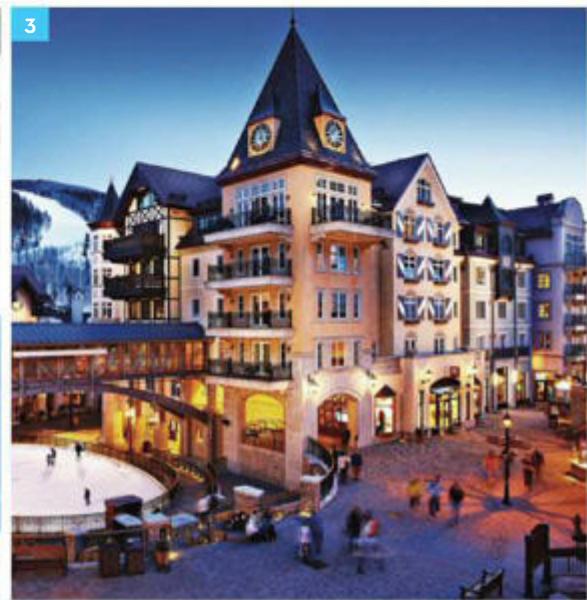




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3



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## MIGHT OF THE WHITE: WHEN BIGGER DOES MEAN BETTER

When venturing beyond the Australasian ski resorts, a travel agent's package will reduce your costs and increase your certainty for a decent bed. The best packages are usually at the biggest resorts:

**1. Europe:** the world's biggest ski area is Les Trois Vallées in the French Alps. It's comprised of eight resorts, has 600km of ski runs, 180 ski lifts and more than 10,000 hotel and apartment beds. The experience is top-notch and because the Aussie dollar has held strong against the Euro, Alps skiing is now reasonably priced. Tip: the French have residences which are bare-bones tourist apartments. They're cheap and when you consider that buying food at a French supermarket is half the cost of Aussie groceries, you must find a ski packager who offers les résidences.

**2. Canada:** Whistler Blackcomb, with its two mountains, 37 lifts, 8,100 acres and over 200 ski runs is one of the great ski experiences and the biggest resort in Canada. It's also the place Australian skiers are most likely to visit in North America. If you're in a package you'd be tempted to upgrade to the Fairmont Chateau hotel, which is elegant digs and is ski-in/ski-out. Whistler is very good at what it does, which includes a range of bars and restaurants, from the sedate to early-hours

partying. Tip: try eating at Peaked Pies in Whistler. You never saw so much mashed spud-and-peas on a steak pie!

**3. United States:** Vail is the biggest ski resort in the United States, with 37 lifts servicing more than 5000 acres, and the best weather reputation in North America (300 blue-sky days per year). It has something for everybody: the kids clubs are famously good, and beyond the wide groomed trails are accessible back-country bowls. A ski package is the best way to enjoy Vail because if you turn up looking for a hotel room, you'll be fleeced faster than even the Swiss could manage. Tip: Vail Underground is one of the great après ski nightclubs.

**4. Japan:** Niseko is Japan's biggest ski area, comprising five resorts. There's over 2000 acres of dry powder skiing, and it's popular for families because of the laid-back nightlife and the intimate hotels. Aussies also like the cheap ski gear they can buy up here. Tip: Hokkaido can be cold, with daytime temperatures of minus 8°, down to minus 20° overnight. Bring good thermals, and time your run from the *onsen* – an outdoor hot pool in the snow outside your apartment building – back to your hotel room. Oh, and when you enjoy the *onsen*, the Japanese request that you bathe naked.



## SKIING UNDER THE RADAR – HIDDEN GEMS

Most of the big resorts put together highly attractive package deals with the airlines. But a ski resort doesn't have to be Vail, Niseko or Val d'Isere in order to be top of your list. Other ski resorts may not have the high profile or massive capacity of their famous neighbours, but they rock for other reasons:

- **Corralco, Chile:** Most Chilean ski fields and resort villages are inland from Santiago. But Corralco is farther south, on the slopes of the Lonquimay Volcano. It has only four lifts, and limited accommodations. But the snow here might be the best in South America thanks to a south-by-southeast facing field which avoids afternoon-slush.

- **Loveland, Colorado:** Driving west along Highway 70 from Denver, you're invariably trying to get to Vail or Breckenridge. But don't drive past Loveland ski area, the choice of many local skiers and boarders. A very high ski field, it enjoys heavy falls of awesome dry powder and is serviced by nine lifts and a poma. Financial Bonus: A Loveland season pass for an adult is a mere US\$379 (at Aspen-Snowmass a season pass is \$1999).

- **Bridger Bowl, Montana:** Think back to those old 1980s Warren Miller ski films, and you're often watching his bandana-festooned Vagabonds performing off-piste at Bridger Bowl. Bridger has fewer lifts than its famous neighbour Big Sky, and not as many movie stars. But lift passes are half the price, for better snow and shorter lift lines.

- **Kuhtai, Austria:** Most ski visitors to Europe will buy a package to the French mega-resorts. But be open-minded to skiing in the Tyrol where a smaller resort like Kuhtai is

high in the mountains (the base is at 2000 metres) giving excellent snow and real alpine life. The 41 pistes are not a challenge to the big resorts, but the lift passes are less than half the price of La Plagne and there's a big selection of accommodation levels. Best thing about Kuhtai: real Austrian après ski, real bars and restaurants and other activities such as snow-shoeing, complimentary snow cat skiing and outdoor ice skating.

- **Lake Louise, Canada:** When skiing in Canada most Australians ski at the British Columbian resorts. But if you can be bothered travelling over the Rockies and into Alberta, you find arguably better snow and shorter lift lines at Lake Louise. Tip: Lake Louise does great 'Ski & Stay' packages where the lift pass is bundled into the room rate, making this a low-cost/high quality ski holiday.

- **Turoa, New Zealand:** Aussies love Queenstown and Wanaka, but don't discount the North Island's Turoa. With the longest vertical decent in Australasia, and tons of backcountry skiing with glaciers and ice lakes, Turoa is about speed and variety. The Turoa-Whakapapa season pass is almost \$600 cheaper than Coronet Peak's. Locals' tip: go to the top of the High Noon T-bar, and ski west, where you can ski chutes onto a frozen lake.

- **Kiroro, Japan:** most of Aussies buy a package for Niseko because it has a 1000m vertical drop and is serviced by 30 lifts. But don't overlook Kiroro – another Hokkaido ski resort. This one's much smaller (nine lifts) but it has a November-May season, its lift passes are the half the price of Niseko and the snow is excellent. Not as many hotels, but they offer attractive accommodation-lift pass packages.



Bridger Bowl, Montana



Lake Louise, Canada



Kuhtai, Austria



Kiroro, Japan



## CELEBRITY POLE

## SHREDDING WITH THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Skiing is one of those sports that can put you face-to-face with famous people and if skiing among them is of interest, your first stop should be Aspen, Colorado. In the two weeks that span Christmas and New Years, Aspen is all about big names, big hair, and Gulfstream V jets. On the pistes of Aspen's Snowmass or Buttermilk you'll be carving beside Kurt Russell, Goldie Hawn and Kate Hudson, or Michelle Obama and her daughters. Gerard Butler skis Aspen, as does Mariah Carey, Heidi Klum, Jack Nicholson, Antonio Banderas, Christina Aguilera, Charlie Sheen and Kevin Costner. The most exclusive haunt of the rich is Yellowstone Club in Montana, a private ski field marketed as 'private powder'. The catch is that you have to buy into the club, or build a residence. Members include ski-film impresario Warren Miller, and Microsoft founder Bill Gates. But celebs ski all over the Rockies, and Jackson Hole, Telluride, Steamboat, Big Sky and Alta all have their roster of celebrity skiers.





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McLAREN'S NEW 650S IS OUT TO TAKE AWAY YOUR BREATH, AND POSSIBLY PART OF YOUR SPLEEN

# SUPER COUPES

DREAM RIDES

1 OF 4

## MCLAREN 650S

THERE'S always an "oh shit" moment. When you drive a super car you hear these words a lot, at wildly varying volumes, sometimes from your own mouth, but mainly from passengers.

There's always a moment where the sheer brutality of the acceleration tickles your frontal lobe, while squeezing your kidneys, and you kind of laugh, sneeze, swear and occasionally call for God's help.

Anyone who's driven the ridiculously rapid McLaren MP4 12C has heard, and made, the screams, because it is at the very pointiest end of performance, hitting 100km/h in 3.1 seconds thanks to a twin-turbo V8 with 460kW and 600Nm.

Clearly the people who work at McLaren – a speed-obsessed bunch, thanks to their work with Formula One cars – weren't hearing "oh shit" enough for their liking because, in no time at all, they've replaced the 12C with the ridiculous new 650S.

"Oh Shit" gets pretty loud when you're hitting 100km/h in 2.9 seconds before smashing through 200km/h in a frankly frightening 8.4 seconds and continuing, if you have the road and the testicles for it, all the way to 300km/h in just 25.

The V8 produces an even more absurd 478kW and 678Nm, and now makes a turbo woofle/hiss/woosh that would surely be the envy of doof-doof lads everywhere.

Of course, going fast in a straight line is something even a HSV buyer can manage and what makes the McLaren 650S so much cleverer is the way it combines incredible pace with stability and cornering ability, to make a car that is utterly invigorating, in fact almost over-stimulating, to drive along a nice bit of road.

Ride quality is not something that appears high on the priority list of supercar buyers, and in the past many of them have ridden with all the subtlety of a roller skate down stairs. The ride on the McLaren, however, is a ridiculously adept mix of bump absorption and total involvement with the road.

It's a feeling that's helped by the fact the



650S is being nailed to the road by the kind of aerodynamics that F1 cars benefit from. The 12C had the same giant active rear wing, but adjustments have been made so that the new car has 24 percent more downforce, as well as an F1-derived brake-steer system, which allows you to go deeper into corners under braking.

Get on the brakes at a serious speed, as we did at the Pukekohe race track in New Zealand, and you'll see the big wing doing its work, looming up behind you like a flying surfboard, and recreating the kind of wing you can see on a McLaren racing car.

I don't think I've ever felt any road car with more prodigious grip – or a sharper front end – than the 650S. It encourages you to

corner faster and harder than you ever have before, and yet provides you with more confidence, and less tail-shaking histrionics, than any other hyper car.

Throw in serious racing brakes – which actually feel a bit full on for road use when you're in traffic – and you've got a car that can fire you along a twisty bit of road and your heart into your mouth.

The 650S has the kind of acceleration out of corners, and from any speed – it's particularly brutal from 160km/h onwards – that takes some getting used to. Pushing the throttle all the way to the floor should only be attempted after a few hours of familiarisation, and possibly under medical supervision.

While it is stunningly quick to drive, the McLaren is still lacking in some vital super-car areas. It might feel faster than just about anything, but in some ways it's not as exciting – not as loud, not as visceral and nowhere near as special inside – as its rivals.

And if you lined up the McLaren, a Lamborghini Huracan and a Ferrari 458 next to each other, the British one would not win the beauty contest, which is kind of what super-car ownership is about.

Still, you'd definitely have a 650S – which is just \$441,500 for the Coupe or \$486,250 for the Spider – just for those "Oh Shit" moments. It provides the kind of thrill that would never, ever get tired.



STUTTGART STORM

3 OF 4

## PORSCHE 911 TURBO S

Sure, the vast majority of supercar owners throw down big bucks on their cars because they want to stand out from the crowd like a man with a whale singing opera on his head. But then there are those strange, small but well-heeled few who like to hide their super performance under a sneaky skin.

The car they buy is the Porsche 911 Turbo S, which looks a lot like your everyday, merely wonderful 911, only with a ground-scraping rubber chin

and a giant rear wing, both of which poke out in a take-me-seriously fashion at the press of a button.

What's hidden under this admittedly glossy bushel is some serious firepower, in the shape of a twin-turbo, horizontally-opposed six-cylinder engine (yes, only a six) making 412kW and 700Nm – or 750Nm when you unleash its most mental mode, and keep the throttle pinned for up to 20 seconds.

This all-wheel-drive weapon can

hit 100km/h in a genuinely super 3.1 seconds and has a top speed of 318km/h. It is, quite clearly, not your everyday Porsche, nor would it want to be at \$441,300.

In handling terms, it has fine steering and brilliant traction, but it does feel a bit heavy, and even occasionally tail-happy, when pushed hard on a track.

Parked in a super car park, the 911 Turbo S would disappear pretty quickly, but on the open road it's right up there.



## FERRARI 458 SPECIALE

You could argue that a proper supercar should provide a few "oh shit" moments just by looking at it, and that's very much what much of the world has said on seeing a Ferrari 458 in the flesh for the first time.

A hyper car can be brutal to look at, with all the scoops and shapes that their extreme aero demands, but the Ferrari designers have somehow managed to make the 458 a thing of menacing beauty, with rippling curves and bulges and knock-out eyes.

The 458 has been through many special editions, the latest and greatest being the \$550,000 Speciale, which can hit 100km/h in three seconds flat, a hefty 0.4 of a second faster than the regular 458. This is the one you want.

What makes the Ferrari so damn desirable, possibly even more than its looks, is the noise from its frantic, screaming 4.5-litre V8. There's something so operatic and over the top about it that's impossible not to

love, and it makes the McLaren sound like a whispering hobo by comparison.

The engine makes 445kW and 550Nm and you change gears in thrilling milliseconds using big, sexy F1-style paddles.

The steering is sharp to the point of being almost Playstation like, but it's great once you get used to it, and the whole driving experience is thrilling. It may not hold the road, or ride, like a McLaren, but it does make you feel more special. More super, even.



## LAMBORGHINI HURACAN

There's something absurdly wonderful about the Lamborghini Huracan. Absurd because it looks it was designed for, or possibly by, a comic-book super hero, and wonderful because the result is a car that looks, and drives, like something out of this world.

What makes this lurid Lamborghini so special is that it represents the last throaty gasp of naturally aspirated mega-engines. As the world heads down the turbocharged, downsized track, the Huracan's 5.2-litre V10

sounds – and feels – like a tectonic-scale celebration of all that was great about engines of old.

It's not lacking in excitement, either, with 449kW and 550Nm pushing it to 100km/h in 3.2 seconds, a full half second faster than the Gallardo it replaces, and to 200km/h in just under 10 seconds. That would be super fast, if the McLaren 650S didn't exist.

Where the Lambo competes with the sharpness of the McLaren is in the handling department, where it's

advanced, Euro-fighter-spec software – utilising three accelerometers and three gyroscopes – apportions power exactly where and when it's needed. Its all-wheel-drive, computer-aided grip means it can chew up roads at astonishing pace, all while making shouty, volcanic noises that suggest the world might be about to come to an end.

The Huracan is a very particular choice, for a very particular kind of millionaire car enthusiast, but it's worth every cent of its \$428,000 price tag. 

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6

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JACKET CONVERSEUS\$100, [converse.com](http://converse.com)03: BEN SHERMAN AINE  
LEATHER TANKER BOOTS\$250, [styleread.com.au](http://styleread.com.au)04: CULTURE KINGS M&N  
CUFF KNIT BEANIE\$40, [culturekings.com.au](http://culturekings.com.au)05: A.P.C. X LOUISE W.  
GABRIEL JACKETUS\$785, [endclothing.com](http://endclothing.com)06: BLAQ HOUNDSTOOTH  
JACQUARD SCARF\$40, [myer.com.au](http://myer.com.au)

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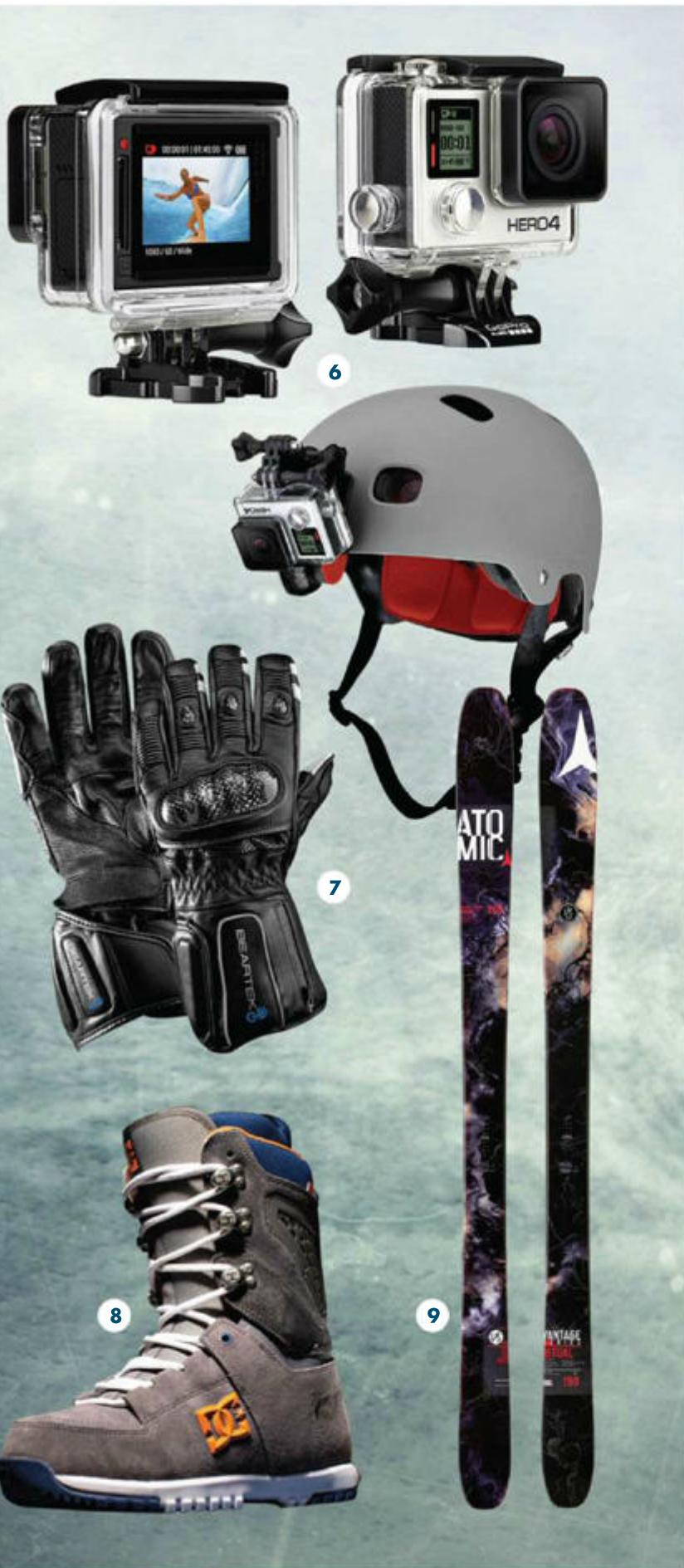
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# GOOD TASTE

FOOD + DRINK + INDULGENCE

IMBIBE

## FOR HEAVEN'S SAKÉ

JAPAN'S BEST EXPORT IS HERE TO  
TAKE YOU TO A HAPPY PLACE

WORDS : STEPHEN CORBY



THE Japanese love drinking, they're just not very good at it. Plus, because their obsession with "face" means that no matter how off theirs they were the night before, they can never show pain, or turn up late to the office from a hangover.

On several occasions, I've been lucky enough to watch Japanese salary men hit the sake in Tokyo and Hiroshima, hard, and start babbling off at the mouth like drunken gibbons. To journalists. They are good drunks, in so far as they don't get violent or abusive, ever, but they hold their liquor about as well as an actual fish.

The benefit of their love for alcohol is that, like so many things they turn their hands to, they're bloody good at making it.

For many Australians, sake is a bit of a mystery substance – is it a whiskey, a shot, a sipping drink, or something to savour at breakfast?

Jeremy Shipley, the group bars manager at Goros, a new Japanese-themed bar in Sydney's hipster and happening Surry Hills, says the idea of "sake bombs" and the inevitable karaoke cruelty that follows have given people the wrong idea about a drink he has become passionate about.

"We're educating people about sake, it's an elegant gorgeous product with a history of 500 years, it's something you can have with food, or without, and it's an any time of day drink. And you should sip it, not shoot it – would you shoot a glass



Jeremy Shipley

sakes, is that the flavours vary wildly, as does the amount of burn. Some sake seems to fill your body, and your mouth, with warming slow-burn fire, while others are delicate and tasty, with no tongue-numbing effects.

"A lot of it comes down to the way it's made – what they've added to it, if they've put in more alcohol, if they've polished the rice," Shipley explains.

"It's a bit geeky the way they do it, as you'd expect, but in its basic form, it's rice wine, water and yeast combined, but as far as techniques go it's hard to explain, it's a complicated process.

"Every sake brewer's technique is so different, with some very modern techniques and some that are 500 years old."

If that wasn't complex enough, there's also the option of having your sake warm rather than cold – as made famous by the Hoodoo Gurus hit, 'Miss Freelove'.

Goros provides sake warmers for those so inclined but prefers its sake properly chilled, as do we.

Our recommended picks are Dewazakura sake (it means "blossom") a classic brand dating from the 1890s, and the storied sake of Yoshinigawa, which has a history running back to 1548 and is run by a 19th-generation family.

We're also partial to Tengumai, partly because its name translates as "long-nosed goblin".

## THE NEW KID IS SPARKLING SAKE, WHICH IS IMPECCABLY SMOOTH AND TASTY

of wine?" he asks, clearly outraged.

Sake is, basically, a form of wine made from rice, and thus it is nowhere near as strong as the Suntory whiskey that Japanese business slaves also favour.

"It is a lot like wine, and it ranges in strength from 10 or 11 per cent for the lighter dessert style sakes to roughly 14 or 16 percent for the stronger ones," Shipley explains.

"It's like a good, heavy wine, but it's certainly not a spirit, like a whiskey or tequila or gin, which are way up at 40 percent."

What becomes clear, after bravely attempting to drink a few dozen different

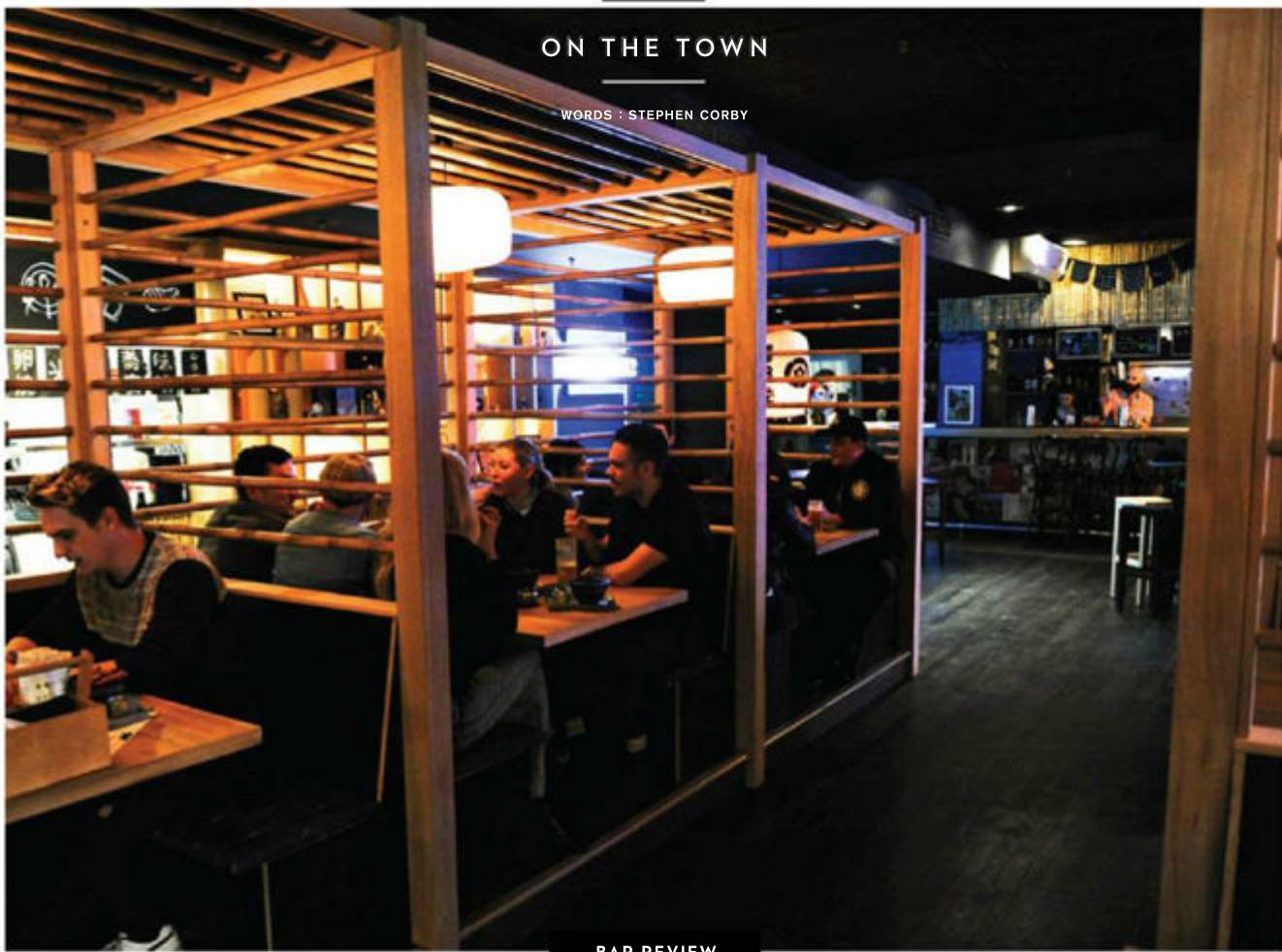


The new kid on the block is sparkling sake, which really does remind us of a riesling and is impeccably smooth and tasty. And blokes, according to Shipley, can be seen dead drinking it.

"We've had an amazing response to the sparkling sakes and it's probably the best way to introduce a new drinker to the category, because it's light and crisp and quite accessible," he says.

Unfortunately, the secret of the Japanese worker's ability to turn up the day after the night before has nothing to do with drinking sake. We can report that it provides an anglo-saxon-flattening hangover if you drink enough of it. ☕





BAR REVIEW

## WHEN EAST MEETS BEST

A PLACE WHERE THE SAKE IS GOOD ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR KARAOKE BRILLIANT

**G**OROS is a great example of the gentrification, and complete reinvention, of inner-city pubs.

The Tailors on Central hotel near Sydney's major train station, which used to occupy this Surry Hills space, was the kind of pub where you could feel overdressed if you had all your teeth, or a scintilla of self-respect.

As a former regular, I can honestly say it took me some time to realise I was in the same building, so vastly has it been

plastered with modern Japanese cool. It's still a big barn of a place, compared to any actual pub in Japan, but there are smaller, more genuinely oriental rooms off to the side, as well as the late-and-loud option of karaoke rooms, complete with dress-up boxes for that winning selfie.

Showing Japanese game shows on the screens around the place is, as you'd guess, a stroke of genius.

The Japanese pub food – chilli pork belly sticks, katsu chicken with wasabi

mayo and beef short-rib throw-down – is a nice change from the current Americana craze, and the beer and sakes are all top notch.

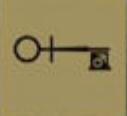
It ain't cheap, but a change – of your chosen beverage, your decor and your food – is as good as a holiday, and thus worth paying for. Take the Sake Journey (three different sakes for \$15, just to get you started) and you won't look back.

**GOROS** is at 84-86 Mary Street, Surry Hills, Sydney. 





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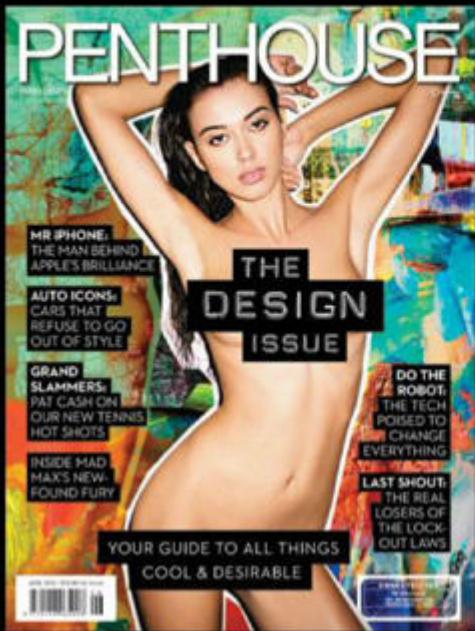
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# WINTER SOLSTICE

SARAH BRAVES THE CHILL  
AND STILL MANAGES TO  
SIZZLE WHILE MAKING  
HER MODELLING DEBUT

SARAH KOVALOV

PHOTOS : MIRON CHOMACKI





“**Y**OU SHOULD have seen the look on the photographer's face when I confessed to him halfway through our shoot that this was my first time modelling nude... he didn't believe me.

“Even I'm a bit surprised at how confident I was in front of Miron's lens. I thought I'd be a bundle of nerves but I ended up being too excited by the fact that my photos would be published in *Penthouse*.

“I guess I'm what you would call a 'shy exhibitionist'. In my day-to-day life, I'm just your quiet girl-next-door, but as soon as I have the opportunity to get in front of a camera, all I want to do is take my clothes off. I've always been comfortable in my own skin.

“We shot these photos in a holiday cottage in the countryside. The scenery was just beautiful and while there were blue skies, it was still pretty chilly inside. But I was fine because I absolutely love the cold weather (and was probably running on adrenalin!).

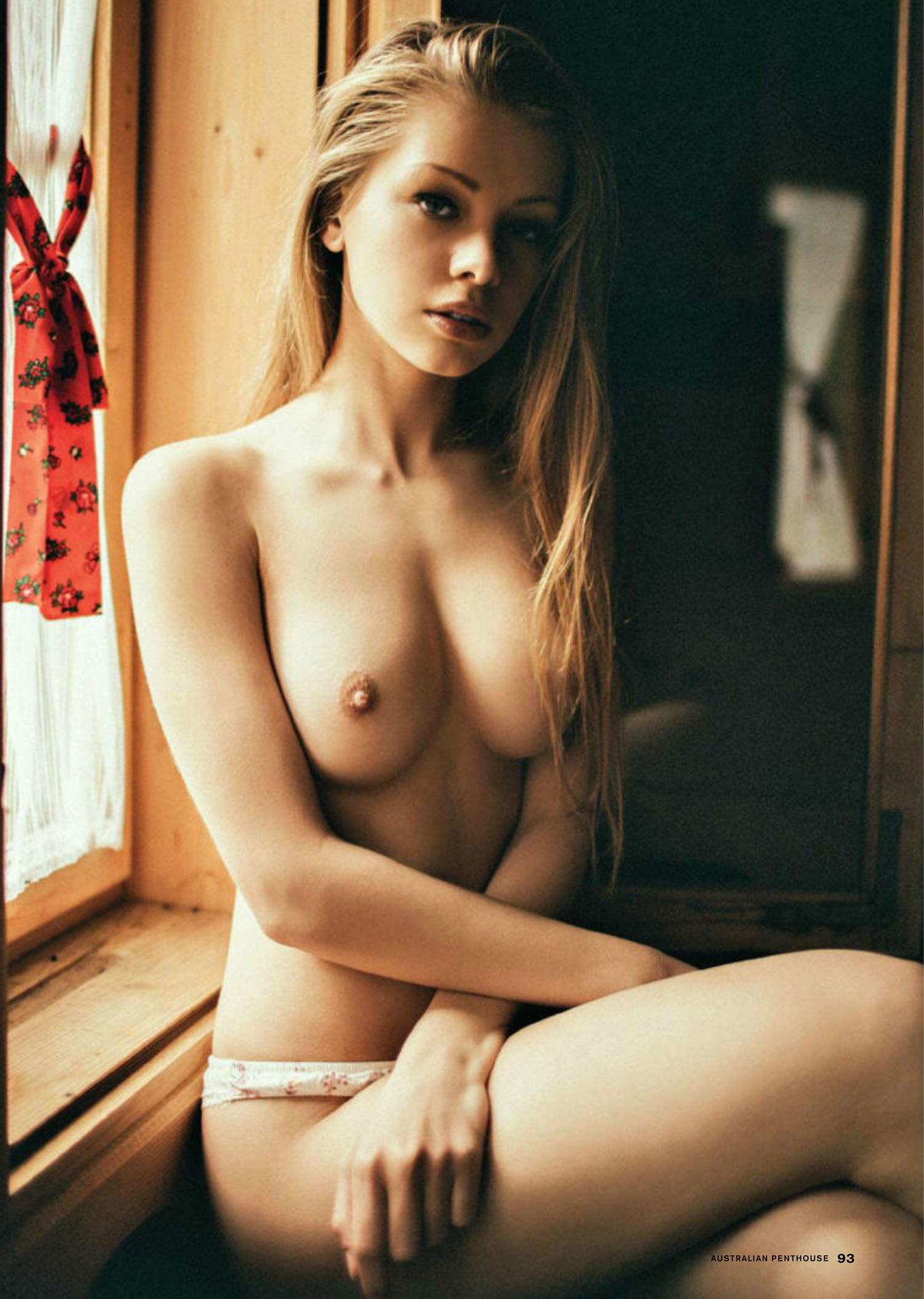
“I've actually been snowboarding since I was a teenager. It's my favourite release. I can't think of anything I'd rather be doing than hanging out on the mountain and carving fresh snow. I find it peaceful and it just melts my stress away. I actually wouldn't complain if it snowed all year round.”

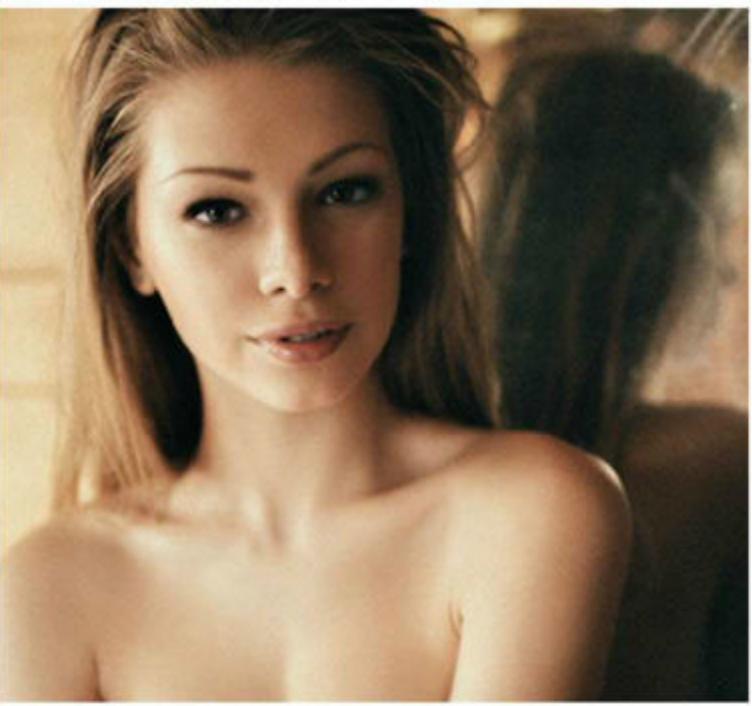






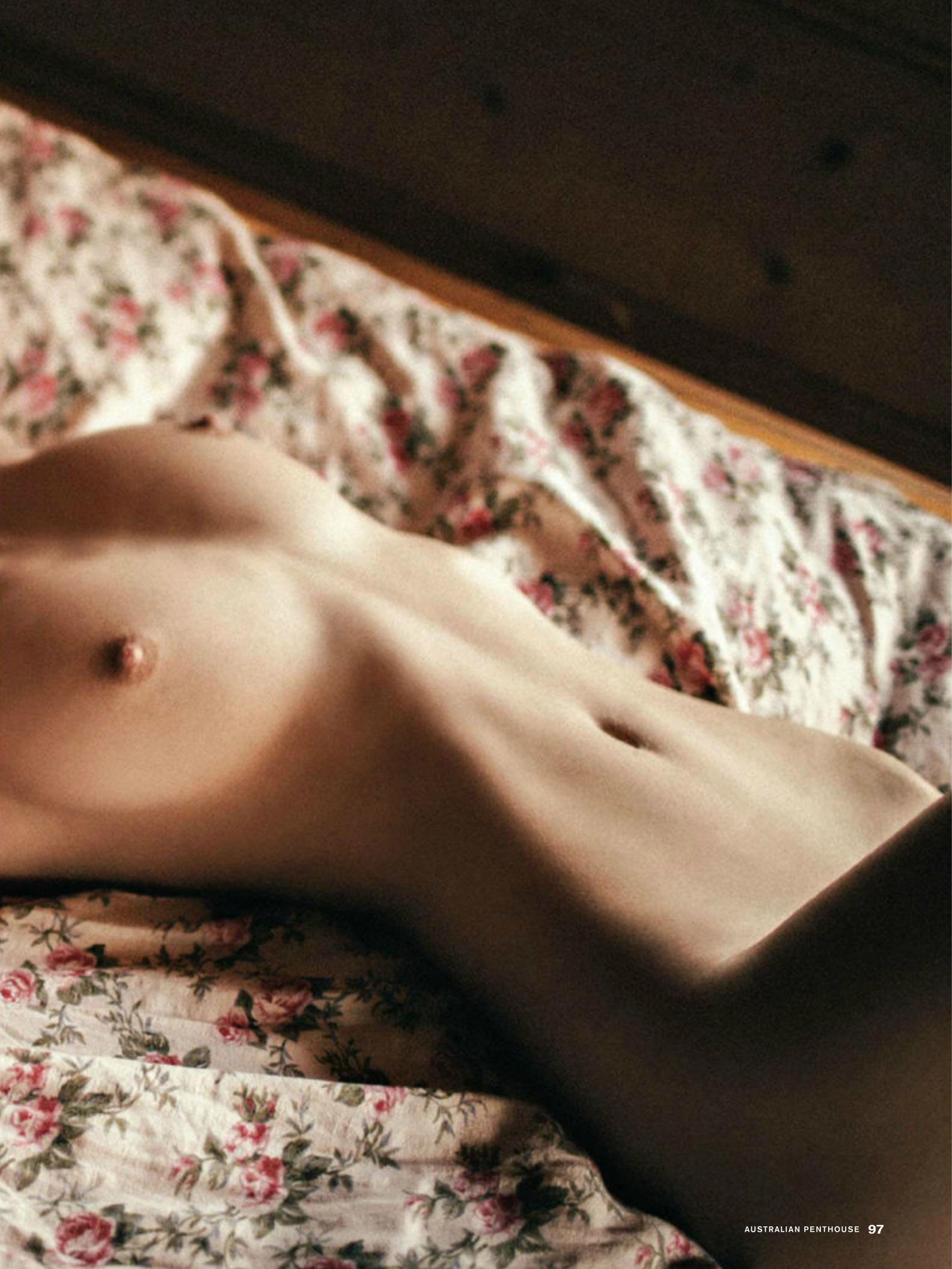




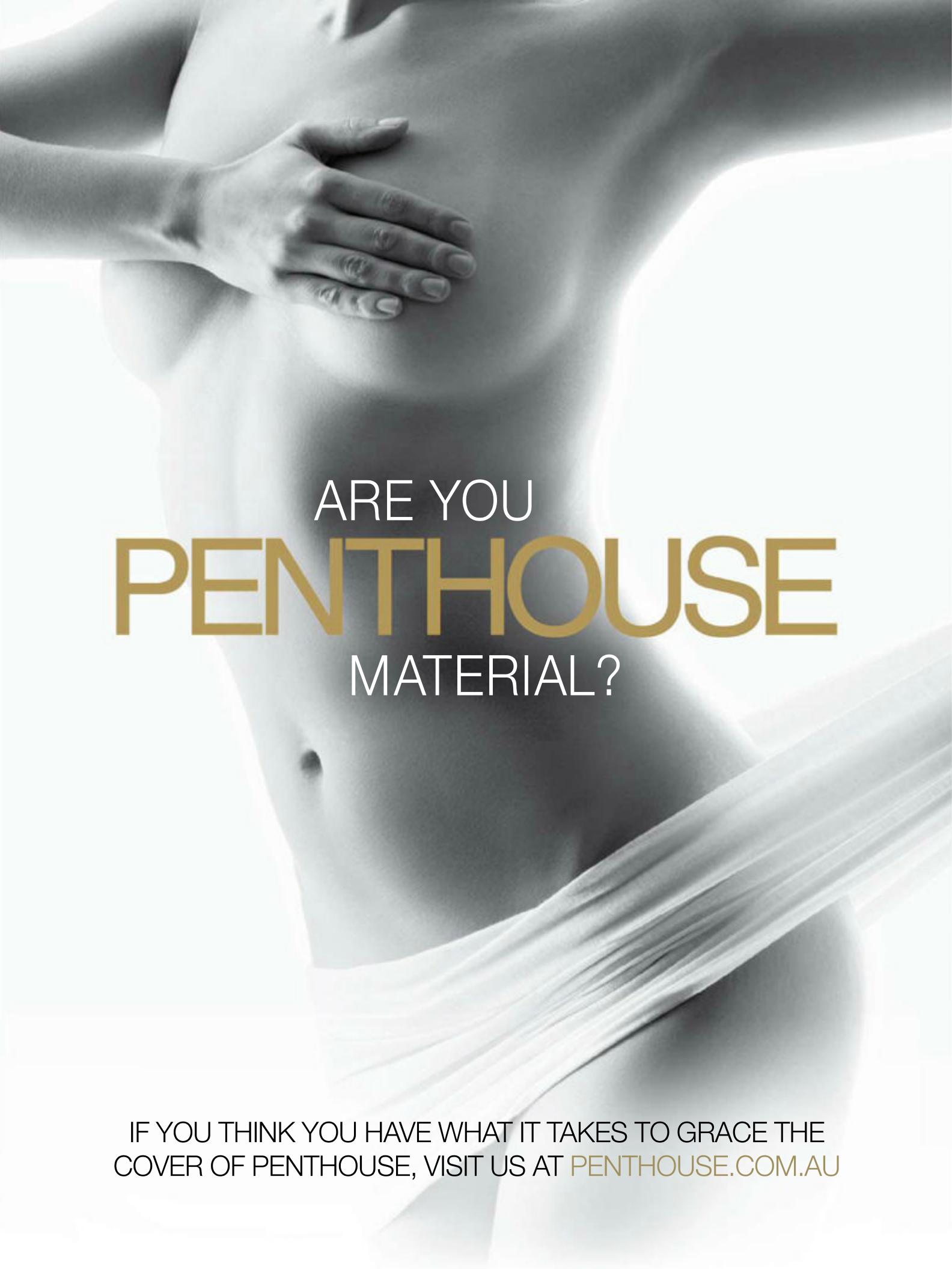












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I. HIDDEN AWAY IN THIS  
sanctuary of wild forests and whispering hills is the aptly named Cape Grim. Scientists have proven the air here to be the cleanest in the world. The wind blows the Antarctic rains unobstructed to the Cape. This is where we source our water. Each precious drop is so pure it is almost a sin to take it.

II. PURE DISTILLERY COMPANY  
openly admit to stealing all that is natural and pure from Tasmania. We only use Tasmanian barley in our triple pot distilled and charcoal filtered process. The result is a velvety smooth yet distinctly clean tasting vodka. This is why 666 is known throughout the world as pure evil.

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## TRIVIA

BONUS QUIZ  
FROSTY FLICKS

3. Dumb and Dumber 4. The Thing 5. Fargo  
1. The Shining 2. Ski School

1. In terms of the amount of alcohol you get, which is the most expensive drink?

- a. Whiskey
- b. Beer
- c. Wine

2. Mermaid, Kirra, Nobby and Miami are all names of what?

- a. Beaches on the Gold Coast
- b. Towns in South Australia
- c. Rivers in North Queensland

3. Who won the men's title at the 2014 Australian Open?

- a. Rafael Nadal
- b. Roger Federer
- c. Stan Wawrinka

4. What are you scared of if you have gymophobia?

- a. Working out
- b. Naked people
- c. Putting on weight

5. In which city would you find the suburbs of Tarragindi, Indooroopilly, and Wooloowin?

- a. Hobart
- b. Brisbane
- c. Melbourne

6. Which actor once had a job polishing coffins?

- a. Anthony Hopkins
- b. Sean Connery
- c. Pierce Brosnan

7. Where on the body is the human skin least sensitive?

- a. Heel
- b. Fingers
- c. Earlobes

8. Researchers have said that the brain during an orgasm is similar to the brain of a person taking heroin. How similar?

- a. 50%
- b. 75%
- c. 95%

9. Who won the Rip Curl Women's Pro Bells Beach?

- a. Sally Fitzgibbons
- b. Stephanie Gilmore
- c. Carissa Moore

10. Which alcoholic spirit is derived from juniper berries?

- a. Vodka
- b. Bacardi
- c. Gin

11. Which team won the 2014 Australian Grand Prix?

- a. Red Bull
- b. Mercedes
- c. Ferrari

12. In what year was the first Melbourne Cup run?

- a. 1861
- b. 1900
- c. 1992

13. What would a soporific drug make one do?

- a. Hallucinate
- b. Sleep
- c. Be more alert

14. Where would you find the Big Prawn?

- a. Lennox Head
- b. Coffs Harbour
- c. Ballina

15. Who was the first Prime Minister of Australia?

- a. Sir Edmund Barton
- b. Alfred Deakin
- c. George Reid

16. In what year did *Top Gear* launch?

- a. 1972
- b. 1977
- c. 1994

ANSWERS: 1.b, 2.a, 3.c, 4.b, 5.b, 6.b, 7.a, 8.c, 9.c, 10.c, 11.b, 12.a, 13.b, 14.c, 15.a, 16.b.

# PENTHOUSE

# JOKES

## ALL AT SEA

A depressed young woman was so desperate that she decided to end her life by tying a slab of concrete to her ankle and throwing herself into the harbour. When she went down to the docks, a handsome young sailor noticed her tears, took pity on her, and said, "Look, you've got a lot to live for. I'm off to Europe in the morning, and if you like, I can stow you away on my ship. I'll take good care of you and bring you food every day." Moving closer, he slipped his arm around her shoulder and added, "I'll keep you happy, and you can keep me happy."

The girl nodded yes; after all, what did she have to lose? That night, the sailor brought her aboard and hid her in a lifeboat. From then on, every night he brought her a meal, and they made passionate love until dawn.

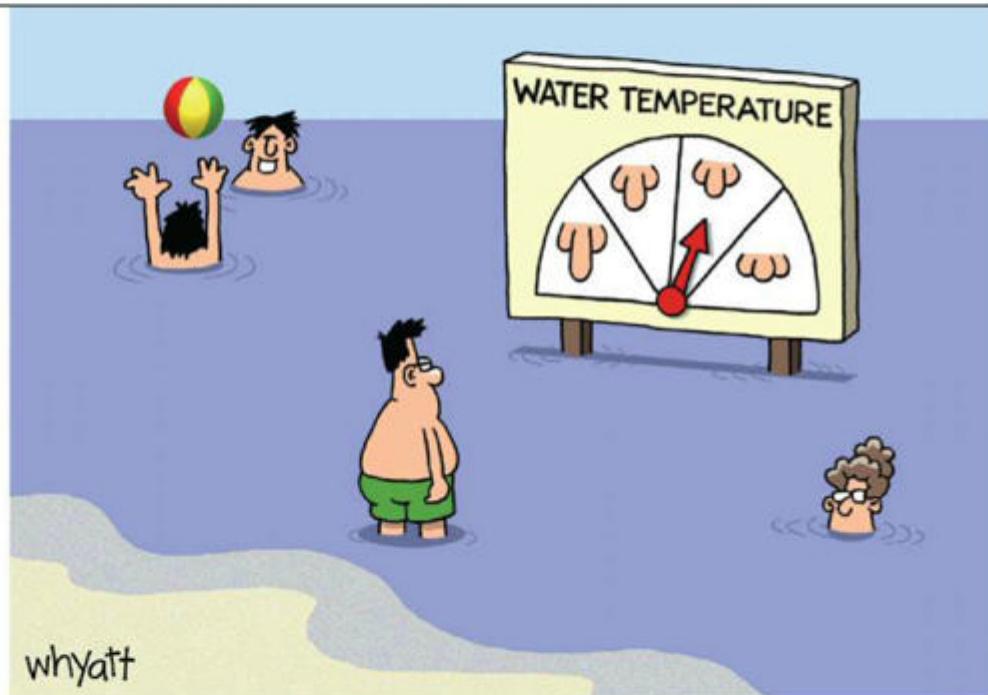
Two weeks later, during a routine search, she was discovered by the captain. "What are you doing here?" the captain asked. She crawled out of the lifeboat and explained, "I have an arrangement with one of the sailors. He's taking me to Europe, and he's screwing me."

The captain looked at her, "He sure is lady, this is the fuggin' Manly ferry."

## HEAVY PETTING

A blonde goes to her local pet shop in search of an 'exotic' pet. As she looks about the store, she notices a box full of frogs. The sign says: 'SEX FROGS. Only \$20 each! Comes with complete instructions.'

The girl excitedly looks around to see if anybody's watching her. She whispers softly to the



man behind the counter, "I'll take one!" As the man packs up the frog, he quietly says to her, "Just follow the instructions!" The blonde nods excitedly, grabs the box, and is quickly on her way home.

As soon as she's inside, she opens the instructions and reads them carefully. She does exactly what is specified:

1. Take a shower.
2. Splash on some nice perfume.
3. Slip into a very sexy nightie.
4. Crawl into bed and place the frog down beside you, and allow the frog to do what he has been trained to do.

She gets into bed with the frog and to her surprise ... nothing happens. She's bitterly disappointed. She re-reads the instructions and notices at the bottom it says, "If you have any problems or questions, please call the pet shop."

So, she calls the pet shop. The

man says, "I'll be round right away." Within minutes, the man is ringing her doorbell.

The blonde welcomes him in and says, 'See, I've done everything according to the instructions. The damn frog just sits there!' The man, looking very concerned, picks up the frog, stares directly into its eyes and sternly says: "NOW LISTEN TO ME: I'm only going to show you how to do this ONE MORE TIME!"

## PUSH AND SHOVE

A man and his wife are woken at 3:00am by a loud pounding on the door.

The man gets up and goes to the door where a drunken stranger, standing in the pouring rain, is asking for a push.

"Not a chance," says the husband, "it's 3:00 in the morning!"

He slams the door and returns to bed. "Who was

that?" asks his wife.

"Just some drunk guy asking for a push," he answers.

"Did you help him?" she asks.

"No, I did not, it's 3am in the morning and it's pissing with rain out there!"

"Well, you have a short memory," says his wife. "Can't you remember about three months ago when we broke down, and those two guys helped us? I think you should help him, do be so selfish!"

The man does as he is told, gets dressed, and goes out into the pounding rain.

He calls out into the dark, "Hello, are you still there?"

"Yes," comes back the answer. "Do you still need a push?" calls out the husband.

"Yes, please!" comes the reply from the dark.

"Where are you?" asks the husband.

"Over here on the swing," replies the drunk.



# IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE TOP

THE GRISWOLDS ARE A HARD-  
GRAFTING AUSSIE BAND SEEKING  
FORTUNE TO GO WITH THE SEX,  
DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL.  
STEPHEN CORBY LENDS A HAND AS  
ROADIE AND GROUPIE WRANGLER

W

E WERE somewhere around Ipswich, on the edge of a cultural desert, when the drugs began to take hold. Or at least I thought they were about to.

We'd joined some of the hardest working blokes in rock, The Griswolds – Number 28 on the Triple J Hot 100 this year, as if you didn't know – to work out whether the myths and legends that make us all want to join a band at some stage still hold true.

The unholy trinity of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll, with as much of it as possible for free.

The photographer and I have barely been on the bus, which smells like it's lined with those beer towels people steal off bars, some of which may have been used in lieu of toilet paper, when the tour manager, Paul Bianco, shouts: "So, how many lines do you want?"

I'd missed the rest of the conversation, as my head was out the window gulping fresh air while I did the driving, but I was excited by this bit. Drugs? Already?!

Sadly I was a few hours early and they were only talking about lines into a radio station mixing desk for their guitars. That's Very Hot FM in Toowoomba, by the way. It's not all bright lights and big cities you know, not on the way up.

The rock'n'roll was already on hand, of course, with non-stop singalongs, just like the one in *Almost Famous* and loud, loud music on the big Hyundai van's overworked stereo system. And the sex had been most prolifically on offer the night before in Brisbane, apparently, which might be why they'd been an hour late to meet us at the airport.

Singer Chris Whitehall, who has a touch of the Twisted Sister to his lightly pimmed up, pimped out hair, was dragged off stage and pulled to the floor by a group of dangerously horny women, who had proceeded to take turns snogging him roughly.

Chris, who is 30 but looks like a majority of his years have been hard-rockin ones, is a brave warrior, however, and continued to sing through the ordeal. The band can't afford roadies, which is my unpaid job for the weekend, so there was no one to drag him out of the trench of tresses.

He'd barely recovered when another group of women somehow "invaded" the Green Room at the venue (security probably wasn't tight, to be fair) and insisted that the entire band sign their breasts with black markers.

This, it turns out, is very popular behaviour among music-loving young women – not one man asked while we were on tour – and if anyone can explain why they do it, I'd love to know. Answers on a postcard, or the back of a photo of your breasts, to the usual address.

Foolishly, I ask Chris if this slightly awkward yet still sexy ritual ever gets tired.

"The day I say I'm tired of that, you can personally slap me," he replies.

I wonder if Jon Bon Jovi still signs boobs.

The Griswolds, who are National Lampoon fans in case you're wondering, don't want the theory of breast signing

"THE MOST ATTRACTIVE WOMEN IN THE ROOM LOOK UP AT SINGER CHRIS AND DRUMMER LACHLAN AS IF THEY ARE POSSESSED OF MAGICAL PENISES THAT EJACULATE DIAMONDS AND SHOES"

too closely examined (they're just going to go home and wash it off, right?). They're proud of their penmanship and tend to find that it can lead to great things ("Hey, great tits, mind if I lick them later?").

Sex, as we will see, is undeniably on offer, even to the less beautifully featured members of the band. Look at the photos – none of these boy are Biebers. It really could be you.

"We actually always joke about the groupie thing, yeah, like if we were just carpenters or something, no-one would probably look at us twice, but join a band and somehow that can turn an average guy into Gene Simmons," Chris explains, sounding utterly delighted with his career choice (Gene Simmons, of Kiss fame, claims to have slept with 4897 women, at last count).

Tonight's gig is at The Spotted Cow in Toowoomba, a venue with Bundy and Coke in its veins and vomit in its drains. Here, The Griswolds will play a sweaty, free gig to a couple of hundred pissed people for not much money at all.

From backstage, though, you can instantly see why they'd probably do it for free.

Incredibly, here in darkest Toowoomba, there are people who know them, love them and shout out all the words to their songs.

The most attractive women in the room are drawn magnetically to the stage, where they look up at Chris, and drummer Lachlan West, 25, in particular, as if they are possessed of magical penises that ejaculate diamonds and shoes.

As we were going through the boring and sweaty work of setting up the stage that afternoon, Chris explained to me how it works.

"Some people say it's the singer who gets the most girls, but trust me, it's the drummer; cause they're the one up there pounding away with their arms out... I used to be a drummer," he says.

"The running joke is that the drummer gets two girls,







FOR THEIR EFFORTS, THE GRISWOLDS AND THEIR MANAGER WILL SPLIT AROUND \$2000 FROM TONIGHT, BUT THEY GET FREE BOOZE, WHICH COMES VERY HIGH UP ON THEIR LIST OF "THINGS I LOVE ABOUT MY JOB"

the lead singer gets four, the guitarist gets one. Then the bassists goes home alone, and the keyboardist goes home with a dude."

The Griswolds don't come on until 11pm, by which time the blokes – and ladies – we're watching drinking jugs of something and Coke through straws at 5pm will be drunk enough to take their clothes off and hang from the rafters.

Sound check, which adds another hour to the busy musician's working day, alongside the 50 minutes these guys will spend on stage, is wearing when drunken yobs keep shouting for you to "play Stairway".

The payoffs for all this effort can be huge, of course, if you're The Rolling Stones, or even Powderfinger, but they can also be tiny.

Keen to avoid the Spotted Cow for a while, we retire to the Nocomfort Inn where the boys are sharing a room, with two of them in the same bed.

It's the kind of motel that smells like failure, and sweaty road-worker's socks, but this is luxury. Tomorrow night, when they'll play a much bigger gig at the Beach Hotel in Byron Bay, we're all sharing rooms in a youth hostel. With no soap.

Guitarist Daniel Duque-Perez, 31, is the business-minded band member – he somehow owns a whole BMW, while his colleagues look like they'd be lucky to buy a vowel – and he says business is tough.

Remember how you used to buy CDs? Whole albums, sometimes even singles, which cost money? At least a tiny percentage of that went to the people in bands.

That income stream has not, unless you're Kanye West, been replaced by streaming services and YouTube views.

"Yep, we've had more than 7 million streams on Spotify, which is pretty good, but you've got to remember they only pay 0.008 of a cent for each single play," Daniel

explains. In case you're not good at math, that's fuck all.

"It's hard touring round Australia, you have to do it on the cheap, and we don't have a record-company deal here, so we have to pay for it ourselves," Daniel adds.

"In America, where we do have a record deal, we had a \$500 a night budget for hotels, so we stayed in nice places, but we still had to drive long distances in a van, every day. We were there for 115 days and we covered 44 states.

"Someone worked out that we'd driven twice around the world by the end of it."

Chris tells a more sobering story of the American tour, which they undertook last year on the back of their big success on college radio there, with great songs like 'Heart of a Lion' and 'Beware the Dog' (go on, download them, they could use the 0.016 of a cent), playing 10,000-seat venues at times.

"Basically we still haven't been paid, and while we were over there the money we'd been expecting wasn't turning up, and we still had to pay rent back here, so our girlfriends were freaking out, and so were we," he says, shrugging his shoulders in a way that suggests it was no real surprise.

"We had some money set aside for food and stuff, but we had to send that home to pay the rent instead, so we didn't eat for a while. I lost about seven kilos. That was hard."

In Australia, Hyundai has helpfully donated a van for The Griswolds to tour in, for reasons that are impossible to explain, when you think what they're getting at the end of it; a quite possibly toxic iMax with a billion kilometres on it.

The Toowoomba gig is a sweaty success, with much free beer imbibed by band and crew – i.e. me – and sure enough, at the end of it, the boys find themselves signing many bounteous breasts and being showered with love – "you guys are awesome" – and so on.

For their efforts, The Griswolds and their tour manager will split around \$2000 from tonight, but they do get free booze, which comes very high up on their list of "things I love about my job".

The Beach Hotel gig is a much, much bigger affair, although most of the thousands of punters aren't there to see The Griswolds, which creates a slightly different vibe, and demands more of a big-stage effort from the boys.

They're rewarded by winning over a good chunk of the crowd, although the mid-50s-looking DJ who follows them on stage outdoes them.

Afterwards, there's a celebration in a very rock'n'roll room-cum-cupboard right under the stage. As the timber walls vibrate as if they're breathing the bass of the dance music, a metallic straw appears in the tour manager's hands and it's nose candy and shots of straight whiskey from the bar rider all round.

The night is only just beginning, of course, as the boys come out of the stage and are mobbed by a truly incredible number of women, all of them with a fetish for having their body parts scribbled on.

We've been joined tonight by Daniel's girlfriend, who

**"THESE WOMEN, SEEMINGLY CRAZED WITH LUST AFTER WATCHING THE BOYS PLAY, SHOVE DRINKS IN THEIR MOUTHS AND TRY TO GET THEM EVEN DRUNKER"**

stands right next to him as he signs what looks like a small mountain range of breasts.

Many of the more beautiful of these women then find their way into the "Green Room", a small space behind some room dividers, with no security whatsoever, filled with booze.

As the night goes on I watch what can only be described as the easiest picking up of women I've ever seen. Girls literally throw themselves at The Griswolds; even the bassist, Tim John – who's also a member of The Vines, in his spare time, as is drummer Lachlan – who fights them off manfully.

These women, seemingly crazed with lust after watching the boys play some songs many of them had never even heard before, shove drinks in their mouths and try to get them even drunker. They are forward, they are lewd, they crotch grab.

In the end, some of the band members are left with no choice but to act, and they are polite enough not to make their way back to the youth hostel to do so.

At least one of them used the van, and won't tell us which one of us is sitting in the remains of his spoils. Another may have slept on the beach, and looks like he was pulled backwards through a hedge.

The next morning the bus smells, if possible, worse than ever.

The great philosopher Eddie Murphy was clearly correct when he said that if you sing – or even be in a band – women will love you, no matter what you look like. And they will throw pussy at you in the street.

We head south, the shooter and I to the airport, The Griswolds to take the long hike back to Sydney, and while they ogle our boarding passes with some jealousy, I can only look at them with an even larger dose of the green monster.

Yes, they're a bit scruffy, they live in filth and their chances of becoming as epically rich and universally beloved as their rock heroes are only middling, but it's hard not to want to trade places with them.

It might be a long way to the top if you wanna rock'n'roll, but it's still a hell of a trip. 





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# LIFE ON TOP

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WATCHES

## BACK IN A TICK

CLASSIC WATCHES THAT ARE A STUDY  
IN EVOLUTION, NOT REVOLUTION

PICTURED: GRAND SEIKO 130TH ANNIVERSARY PLATINUM

## TAG HEUER MONACO

This classic dates back to 1969, when it was originally introduced by Heuer to commemorate the Monaco Grand Prix. Two key elements made the Monaco revolutionary: it was the first automatic as well as the first square-cased chronograph. Back in an era before product placements had really taken hold in Hollywood, the Monaco was worn by film star Steve McQueen in his role as race driver Michael Delaney in the 1971 film *Le Mans*. In the decades after his death, stills images from the film have made the watch synonymous with McQueen. Although it was discontinued in the mid-1970s, the Monaco was reissued with a revised design in 1998, and reintroduced again with an entirely new mechanism in 2003 in response to McQueen's growing legend. Price: Approx. \$4000



## ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL

It may be taken for granted now, but back in the 1920s, the idea of a wristwatch that was waterproof was, in terms of what was considered possible, up there with moon landings and time travel. The Oyster, of 1926, was the first to claim the submersible crown. Later, to prove just how serious the company was in terms of manufacturing watches that could cope with crazy extremes, Rolex strapped a special edition to the side of a submarine that dived to the deepest point on the planet – the Marianas trench at 11,000m. Rest assured an Oyster Perpetual will be just fine for laps at your local pool. Price: Approx \$11,000

## WATCHES

## OMEGA SEAMASTER

Compared to rival Rolex, Omega was relatively slow in getting its feet wet – the original waterproof Seamaster was introduced in 1947. Today's Aqua Terra bears the closest resemblance to the dressy original. Since 1994, the Seamaster has been split into three distinct lines: Planet Ocean, Aqua Terra, and the Professional. It's this latter model that features a function worthy of the label "least likely thing to be used on a watch; ever". It's a helium escape valve, designed for use by professional divers working in pressurised chambers. The gases in diving bells can contain helium, which is a gas with atoms so tiny they can make their way inside the watch. As its name so logically states, the valve lets the helium escape. Consider it a talking point. Price: Approx \$12,000





## SEIKO GRAND SEIKO

Grand Seiko was launched in 1960, but the first model considered the real forebear of the current line-up arrived in 1967. These days the line-up is divided across three different movements – quartz, spring drive and mechanical. Whichever you choose, the beauty and craftsmanship of the Grand Seikos remains a constant. To ensure perfect legibility in poor light conditions, the hands and markers have a specially sculpted shape and their surface is carefully polished to a razor edge, so that even the slightest ray of light reflects off the surfaces. Then there's the finish of the case and bracelet, which are finished by hand using a process termed blade polishing. The Grand Seiko range runs from ultra-clean-looking dresswatch elegance to sports chronographs with multiple complications, but all represent the very best in Japanese high-end watch making. Price: Approx \$7500

### WATCHES

#### IWC SCHAFFHAUSEN BIG PILOT

It was way back in 1936 that IWC's first 'Special Pilot's Watch' was launched. It featured a rotating bezel with an arrowhead index that could be used to register take-off times; crucial in an aviation era of rudimentary instrumentation. In 1940, in response to demand, IWC developed the Big Pilot's Watch 52 TSC, with a central seconds hand. Since 2002, the Big Pilot has sat as the flagship of the IWC range; a beautifully-crafted statement piece that houses one of the largest self-winding movements in the world.

Price: Approx \$19,000



#### BREITLING NAVIMETER

The most legendary model among the aviator watches is surely the Breitling Navitimer, a chronograph with an integrated flight calculator, which turned 60 in 2012. Pilots of modern aircraft may not need its functionality these days, but that hasn't stopped it being the watch of choice for both civilian airmen as well as standard issue for plenty of the world's air forces. It's actually possible John Travolta, pilot of a Boeing 707 and a Bombardier Challenger 601, would choose to wear one even if he wasn't paid millions to be an ambassador of the brand. Early versions are hugely collectible, while modern iterations have followed the trend on up-sizing – in 2014, the classic edition grew from 42mm to 46mm, and out to a whopping 48mm for the GMT edition. Price: From \$9000



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WAY TO PROPERLY  
WORK OUT YOUR  
IDEA IS TO BUILD IT  
AND TEST IT. DON'T  
GET LOST IN YOUR  
COMPUTER”

# WHEELER DEALER

THIS FORMER INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER IS NOW CASHING IN ON THE BOOM IN COOL, MINIMALIST BICYCLES

**T**AKE a look around any trendy inner city café. Among the cute Peugeots and hip Ducatis, these days you'll probably see another cool vehicle: a Chapelli 'fixie', an urban bicycle that revives the look of a 1960s European road bike.

Devoid of derailleur gears, suspension and disc brakes, the Chapelli offers a very cool single-speed, or internal three-speed, of the kind that were popular in the 1970s.

Chapelli Cycles is the invention of entrepreneur and industrial designer Pablo Chapelli (left), whose company has now sold over 10,000 bikes. The distinctive designs – with straight front forks – are sold through stores in Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne, a large online store and via distribution in Sweden and France, and soon the United Kingdom.

"We're expanding in a measured way," says Chapelli, from his headquarters in Sydney. "It's a specific market, which demands quality and high-end design and components."

Chapelli's journey is an interesting one. The son of an engineer and semi-pro cyclist who trialed for the Tour de France in the 1960s, Chapelli grew up as a cyclist himself, and was always around racing bikes and long discussions about how to make them lighter, stronger and faster.

"Bikes were just part of growing up in England," says Chapelli, 40. "Dad was also a car nut – I helped him restore an E-Type Jaguar and a Jensen."



## THE BOTTOM LINE

### COMPANY

Chapelli Cycles

### SECTOR

Manufacturing / retailing

### FOUNDED

2009

### ANNUAL TURNOVER

A\$2m

### EMPLOYEES

8

At 17 Chapelli built an electric go-kart, and in his first year studying industrial design and engineering at University of London, he built a solar motor-scooter which attracted the attention of Piaggio in Italy. He left university and scored a job with Dyson as a design engineer.

"Jim Dyson had a big influence on me," says Chapelli of the engineer most famous for his ground-breaking vacuum cleaner designs. "I learned the importance of proving-out designs. For Jim there was no substitute for the workshop – making your products and seeing what happens."

He moved to Australia to design touch-screen kiosks and then worked at Breville for five years as an innovation leader, responsible for researching emerging technologies and adapting them to white-goods and appliances.

He'd also developed a hobby of assembling classic racing bikes from Italian components and selling them to friends. Through his social networks he was approached by Tom Davies – the ex-boyfriend of his now-wife.

"I wasn't sure why she wanted me to meet her ex-boyfriend," says Chapelli with a laugh. "But she insisted and things went from there."

The two hit it off. Davies, a lawyer who sourced equity investments for one of Australia's wealthiest families, could see a business growing out of Chapelli's distinctive bikes, and Chapelli had a hankering to form his own design business.

"We're best mates now," says Chapelli.



ABOVE: Chapelli Cycles warehouse in Sydney. So cool, you could grow a hipster beard just by looking.

"It's a case of business partners having complimentary skills and each one concentrating on what they're good at."

Chapelli Cycles started with a classic single-speed racing bike (it has a switchable rear hub so you can ride it as a fixie or a single-speed) which they sold online for \$399 at a time when cyclists couldn't buy a fixie in Australia for less than \$1000. Their entire first production run was sold out in less than a month.

Astonished at the early success, Chapelli added a three-speed bike to the range because so many customers lived in hilly Sydney, and then went to an eight-speed and a range of ladies bikes. The company now has a top-of-the range NuVinci bicycle, sporting variable-hub gearing that allows the rider to select any gear without losing speed. It's an innovation that Chapelli saw at a trade show on an electric bike, which he repurposed for his vintage bicycles.

"We've found a market of cyclists who don't wear lycra," says Chapelli. "They want a stylish, hi-tech road bike that is also simple and low maintenance. In our surveys, sixty percent of the customers use their bikes to commute."

He has also attracted young designers looking for insights since his own company has taken off, and he has some tips for those wanting to be entrepreneurs: "Design doesn't just mean that it looks good," says Chapelli. "People have to like using it. The only way to properly work out your idea, is to build it and test it. Don't get lost in your computer."

With all of this style, and with a childhood spent helping Dad restore an E-Type Jag, what kind of vehicle does Chapelli keep leashed in the garage? Try a 2004 Subaru Outback with the 3.0-litre engine, and for weekend warrior work, a 1999 SR5 Hilux. The man who put sexy back into bicycles and is rebuilding a Jensen Interceptor was most impressed with the Toyota LandCruiser when he came out to Australia. So much so that restoring old ones is now his passion. He's rebuilt FJ 40s, 60s and 80s, and he currently rebuilding a Datsun 260Z into a 'dirty street racer'.

"I love my cars," says Chapelli. "But there's no reason why you can't have a bike in the garage too."

"IT'S A SPECIFIC MARKET WHICH DEMANDS QUALITY AND HIGH-END DESIGN AND COMPONENTS"



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INVESTMENT	RETURN*	NO. OF YEARS
Shipping Containers	26%	20
Value-priced stocks	14.62%	33
Growth stocks	11.96%	33
Stocks (S&P 500)	8.97%	136
Corporate bills	8.00%	150
Commodities (CRB index)	5.53%	93
Treasury bills	5.10%	172
Municipal bonds	4.24%	150

Source: Global Financial Data, 2012

\*Average annual return over the stated time period

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# DWINDLING INTEREST

## HOW TO INVEST SAFELY IN A LOW INTEREST RATE ENVIRONMENT

It might seem a contradiction in terms, but many people in the financial services industry are worried about the positive effects of low interest rates.

What's the beef? Borrowers can get a mortgage at 4.5 percent – the lowest rate in over 50 years; the property market has picked up, shares are going gangbusters and inflation is under control.

The problem revolves around the kind of investment choices we think we're making, but which are largely being made for us. Many Australians are taking on more investing risk – and more leverage – than they normally would, simply because the cost of money is so low.

With the official cash rate at an historically-low 2.25 percent, savers who want the haven of government-guaranteed deposits are forced to accept returns of around 3 per cent. Given that inflation is 2.5 per cent, this is an effective yield of 0.5 per cent per annum – ashes in your mouth if you spent 40 years working to save the money.

So, in the pursuit of yield, people invest in shares and property and they borrow at low rates to do so. The result is booming share and property markets, as households chase higher returns. But the other result is more debt and more of their future security riding higher on the risk curve.

While property and equities usually deliver better returns than cash, you can also lose your capital.

This pumps up asset prices. Australian house prices rose 10 percent in 2013 and around 8 percent in 2014. At the end of March 2015, the All Ordinaries Index was at 5800, whereas it had been at 5000 two years earlier.

This is as it should be when official

interest rates are low. But having put our money in these assets, what now? At what point do I sell and take my profits? If the asset price inflation that makes me wealthier is a function of low interest rates, then what happens when inflation spikes and the RBA has to increase interest rates? What happens when my 4.5 percent mortgage is 7.5 percent?

Typically, rising interest rates start a slow trickle of investors selling; the assets would drop in value and more people would sell. And if the interest rates rise more, and asset prices fall further, the trickle becomes a torrent. In the 1987 stock market crash, the ASX lost 41 percent of its value in 11 days. When Australian property prices fell in 2010 and 2011, there were simply more sellers than buyers. Newspaper stories from this era reported on-site auctions in Sydney where there were no bidders.

Now look at the current Sydney property market: record prices, record numbers of bidders at auction, record clearance rates, and also record number of houses for sale. In other words, the prices aren't rising because there's no supply. Current owners are taking their profits.

None of this would be an issue if we didn't borrow so much to own assets. Australian households currently owe more than 150 percent debt-to-income ratio, and not only to own property. Investors use lines of credit against their mortgages, and margin loans with stockbrokers, to leverage their share portfolios. Whether it's property or shares, market corrections hit the highly leveraged first because they could suddenly be underwater and their natural reaction is to dump the asset.

So what does a modern man do with

his money? The current view is that Australian interest rates will not be rising in the short term, meaning we are likely to continue to borrow money, at low cost, to buy property and equities.

Is there a way to avoid being leveraged-up with an overpriced asset?

You could think like a professional investor and sell-down your share portfolio as the prices rise – collect the upside on its way up and invest in something else. If you're investing in property, avoid the inflated markets of Melbourne and Sydney, and buy in a

“AUSTRALIAN HOUSEHOLDS CURRENTLY OWE MORE THAN 150 PERCENT DEBT-TO-INCOME RATIO, AND NOT ONLY TO OWN PROPERTY”

regional city where capital growth may be modest but rental yields are strong. Or just buy listed property trusts on the ASX, targeting your investment dollars to the areas, managers or sectors you favour.

Here's another, revolutionary idea: perhaps step back and apply some really boring advice to yourself. Don't borrow and buy just because you can. Focus on asset quality and value, not just borrowing costs. Buying well and owing little, is still the best bulwark against a market correction.

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\*Example: A Lobby Model Machine costing \$12,500 plus gst, the annual return is \$2,820 or \$235 per month. Returns continue for the life of the agreement.



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## THE UPSKILL UPSWING

BETTER QUALIFICATIONS ARE SET TO BE MORE CRUCIAL THAN EVER WHEN IT COMES TO GETTING AHEAD

**T**AKE a look around your workplace. It doesn't matter where you work, in ten years from now everyone – including yourself – is going to be better educated. Entry-level clerical people will have a diploma; managers will have a degree; senior managers will have an extra degree; the sales force will be filled with people who can't meet for a drink because they're doing their Cert III at tech that night.

Australia has always been the lucky country, but slowly – begrudgingly – it's turning into a smart country where education is a necessity, not a luxury. Not only are workers expected to be faster and more efficient in what they do, but they are expected to be better at their jobs – the so-called 'deepening' of skills.

The numbers, as forecast by the Australian Workplace & Productivity Agency, reflect a nation that is becoming smarter. By 2025, the largest single occupational group in Australia will be 'professionals', with one quarter of the entire workforce (24%). When 'managers' (14%) are placed beside the professionals, 38 percent of the workforce in 2025 will be largely educated at university and sitting behind a desk. Technicians and trade workers will account for 14 per cent of the workforce in 2025, as will clerical and administrative workers.

What does this mean for the modern man? Essentially, all of the occupational demand-growth for skills and qualifications over the next decade will occur in the area they call "Cert III or Higher". Between 2011 and 2025, the projected demand for people with either a Certificate III diploma, advanced diploma or bachelor/post-graduate degree, will almost double from 6.3 million in the workforce to 11.1 million.



BY 2025, THE LARGEST SINGLE OCCUPATIONAL GROUP IN AUSTRALIA WILL BE 'PROFESSIONALS', WITH ONE QUARTER OF THE ENTIRE WORKFORCE

That's a lot of paper framed on the wall.

For any bloke who has cruised along on his glib banter and great smile, the coming decade will be a wake-up call: this is a time to drop the complacency and start some upskilling or reskilling, either in the VET sector (with a Cert II, III or IV, diploma or advanced diploma) or at university with an associate degree, bachelor degree, masters or post-grad degree.

In 2011, only 59 percent of the Australian workforce had a post-high school qualification; by 2025 – under a "Long Boom" economic scenario – 74 percent will be qualified beyond school. Yes folks, three-quarters of the work force.

Particularly vulnerable to this revolution are the occupations that have been learn-on-the-job, or personality-based. Look at sales people: currently only 34.7 percent of sales workers have a post-high school qualification but within a decade it will be 57 percent. Likewise clerical and administrative workers, who currently have a rate of just 52.8 per cent diploma or degree qualified, largely because they are taught on the job by the person above. By 2025, 78.3 percent of them will have a post-school qualification.

You're probably wondering 'why?' Why so much learning, why now, why me? The forecasts from AWPA are dramatic and much of it has to do with our economic engagement with Asia. Because the Asian region can use high populations, low wages and enormous volume to reduce

prices of manufactured exports, Australia's small population has to exploit the inverse: high wages, justified by a quality of output, not a quantity. Which is usually achieved in services. Remember, Asia is becoming middle class and the middle classes want quality services in everything from lawyers and dentists to universities and construction companies.

So, the smart, qualified bloke is the one who'll ride the moolah. And it'll be quite a ride: according to the OECD, Asia had 28 percent of the world's middle class consumers in 2009, and that will increase to 65 percent of global middle classes by 2030. Over the same period North America and Europe's share of the global middle class will more than halve, from 54 per cent to 21 percent.

A smarter workforce is a good thing for employers and governments, so there are several ways to do this: many employers will pay for your course, and give you the time off; and if you have to fund it yourself, you can get FEE HELP and also claim a tax deduction.

So, the next time the HR woman sends a group email talking about VET, upskilling and diplomas, don't groan into your beer: ask where you have to be, and when. At very least it could mean a new bunch of mates; at best, it's a whole new career.

# BLACK DOG BLUES

A NEW APPROACH DEVELOPED SPECIFICALLY FOR TREATING DEPRESSION IN MEN IS LIFTING A SHROUD OF DARKNESS

**T**AKE a look around your workplace or family dinner table. Chances are you're looking at someone who's either depressed or is going to be. In Australia, serious episodes of depression will affect 20 percent of us in our lifetimes and the World Health Organisation (WHO) forecasts that by 2030, depression will account for the highest disability levels of any illness or injury.

Depression is classified\* as at least two weeks of feeling very low and losing the ability to enjoy yourself, along with other symptoms such as fatigue, sleep disorders, sudden weight loss, feelings of worthlessness, suicidal thoughts, inability to concentrate and impaired social or occupational function.

The precise causes of depression are not known, but we know it leads to loss of employment, marriage failure and can lead to drug and alcohol abuse.

Experts such as Dr Timothy Sharp of the Happiness Institute, talk of a combination of biological factors (genetics, personality, physical make-up), and environmental factors (abusive relationship, bullying workplace, substance abuse and long-term illness) coming together to trigger depression.

"There's an extreme view that says that depression arises from only biological causes," says Sharp, "and there are those who say it's all environmental. It's actually a bit a both, with different weighting of the causes depending on the circumstances."

The competing causations are

manifested in the treatment of depression: those who think it's a biological condition lean towards medication (serotonin and noradrenalines) and the environmental camp favour psychological therapies, or talking.

In typical treatment scenarios, a person with serious depression starts on a course of meds and then undergoes therapy.

Sharp and his associates also focus on another element of depression beyond biological and environmental: learned behaviours.

Learned behaviours are the reactions we bring to certain events, be they professional disappointment, relationship setback or financial stress.

Sharp's approach is to recognise that there is a difference between a person at the major end of the spectrum – with, for instance, bipolar disorder or schizophrenia – and a person who is prone to anxiety or depression.

"With bipolar disorder, it is really about managing – or mitigating – the problem, as you do with high cholesterol. But with most cases of anxiety or depression, we can cure it so they don't suffer another episode," says Sharp.

He treats the process as an attainment of good health rather than a reaction to illness. This means many of the tactics of sports psychology, where sportspeople learn to convert nervousness into excitement and fear into action. It builds long-term psychological robustness that

guards against future problems by reeducating the brain in the skill of thinking.

The assumption is that to differing degrees, people may not be able to change circumstances around them, but they can change the way they react to circumstances. Especially since many sufferers 'catastrophise' small events or make an inappropriately negative interpretation of them.

"The fundamental premise is that, how we think is important. So let's work with clients to get them interpreting life events as helpfully as possible, while being realistic.

"It doesn't mean you'll never feel sad or anxious again, but you can learn strategies and give yourself tools, to keep things in proportion and live the best possible life."

The Sharp approach strikes a chord with male sufferers of depression because it sounds like goal-setting with 'tools'.

Sharp says many men don't want medication because they think it might impair their work performance, and men often shy from a process where they have to discuss their feelings. Interestingly, women have always shown higher incidence of depression than men, but that may reflect an unwillingness in men to even admit to a problem.

"There's no uniform way of dealing with depression," says Sharp, "but what we're doing is showing some really good results." 



“DR SHARP’S APPROACH STRIKES A CHORD WITH MALE SUFFERERS OF DEPRESSION BECAUSE IT SOUNDS LIKE GOAL-SETTING WITH ‘TOOLS’”

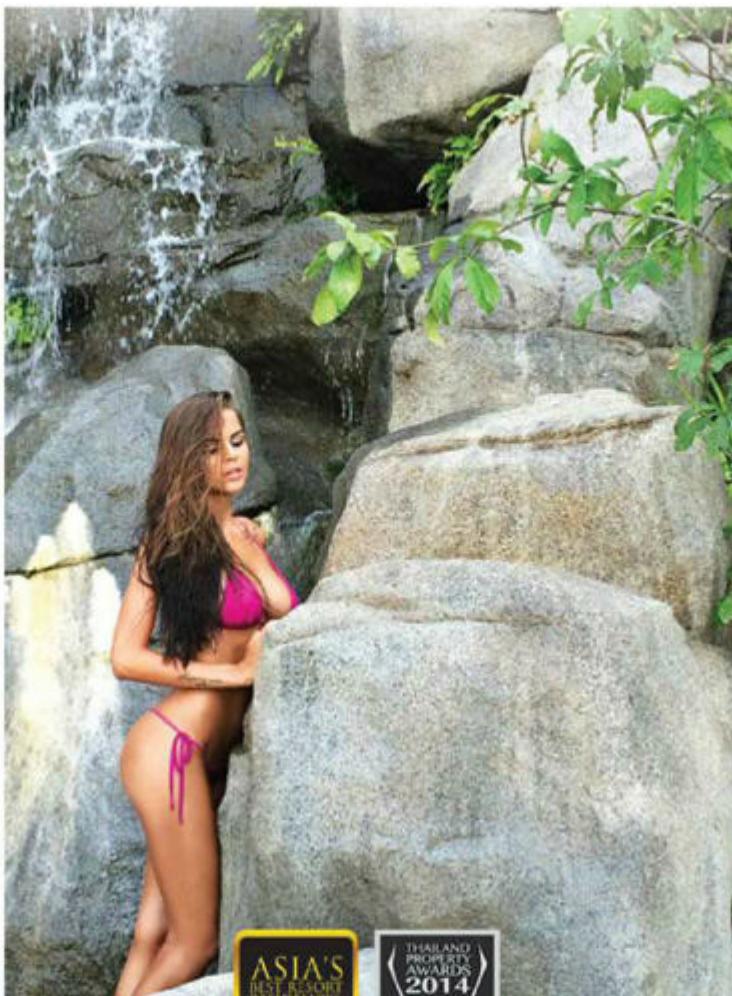
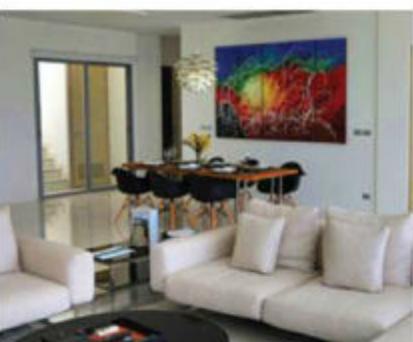
#### WAY MORE THAN JUST A MOOD SLUMP

The criteria for major depressive episode involve five (or more) of the following symptoms to have been present during the same two-week period and represent a change from previous functioning:

- Depressed mood most of the day, nearly every day, as indicated by either subjective report or observation made by others.
- Markedly diminished interest or pleasure in all, or almost all, activities most of the day, nearly every day.
- Significant weight loss when not dieting or weight gain (e.g., a change of more than 5 per cent of body weight in a month), or decrease or increase in appetite nearly every day.
- Insomnia or hypersomnia nearly every day.
- Fatigue or loss of energy nearly every day.
- Feelings of worthlessness or excessive or inappropriate guilt nearly every day.
- Diminished ability to think or concentrate, or indecisiveness, nearly every day.
- Recurrent thoughts of death, recurrent suicidal ideation.
- The symptoms cause clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational or other important areas of functioning, and are not due to the direct physiological effects of substance abuse or medication.

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# DOWN TOWN

ORAL ACTION REALLY CAN BE MATTER OF TASTE. HERE'S HOW TO GET IT ON THE MENU IF THE 'CLOSED' SIGN HAS GONE UP

**I**HAVE absolutely no doubt there are going to be some women who read my column this month and think; *what a load of crap*. (Actually, I also have no doubt that there are some people who read my column EVERY month and think that...)

But this month, darlings, I want to talk about oral sex. Not on you, you egotistical brute. We all know you would never turn down a blowjob. I'm talking about the ladies.

A few clients have confided in me now (so I put their secrets in a national publication for all and sundry to read...) that their wives/partners/girlfriends shy away from a bit of kneeling at the altar, a munch of the fur-burger... whatever you want to call it (please let's not use that word cunnilingus). They're quite happy to get down on their knees and perform oral on YOU, but when it comes to giving back, they are a bit, well, pussy shy. "I wish someone told me this before I moved to Sydney," moaned my American client recently, his head popping up from in between my legs. "But I have never been with an Aussie girl that wants me to go down on her."

Really?

Yes really. Apparently, the Europeans love it, Americans can't get enough, but Aussies, according to my plethora of international clients, are more inclined to yank their man's heads back up and awkwardly change positions so his nose and tongue is far far away from their (firmly clamped shut) legs.

Hmmmm. Head scratching time.

One can only relate it back to one's own life, can't one? And of course, while now I have no issues in thrashing about in bed now, oooohing and aaahhing and arching my back, my memory bank does flicker back to when I was in a long (too long) relationship.

What was the sex like then? Well for a start, I don't think I wore stockings and suspenders once for the poor bastard. Nor did I give him much head. And more than often, I would snap: 'Why does a cuddle always have to lead to sex?' Did he go down on me? Actually, no. I remember being one of those women that sometimes used to yank his head up and try to make him penetrate me instead.

I was mortified as I remembered this – me of all people!

A sex advisor! A high-class escort! Aren't I supposed to ooze sex 24/7 since the day I was old enough?

Seemingly not. The more I thought about it, the more I remembered that I was one of those partners that clients moan about (and not in a positive way). I wanted sex to be over as quickly as possible. When his head slowly maneuvered down there, I clamped my legs closed before you could say 'Egg McMuff'.

From memory, I was shy, lacked confidence and I assumed he didn't really want to do it and felt obliged. And if I hadn't had a wax or a shower immediately before, FORGET IT.

I do also recall him saying once he didn't really like going down on women. That was it. Game over. How on earth could I relax and enjoy when I knew he found it icky?

So gentleman, relax. When your lady doesn't want oral, it is not about you; not really. It's more likely to be that she feels too hairy, too shy or worries she may 'smell' down there. (And a normal smelling pussy is one that has no strong odour. If it smells fishy, it's more likely she is suffering from a little infection or she may be due for her period. No biggie and don't embarrass her. She should see her doctor and get a swab. It happens to all of us.)

So, to get your woman to open her legs for you, tell her how much you love her scent and how she tastes so sweet and juicy. Then say her being turned on and wet makes your cock hard. Tell her she smells delicious and sexy and you want to taste her right now....

Then for god's sake, do it right. No woman wants to be licked like a kitten licking a saucer of milk. Never seen a cat do this? Google it. That is how *not* to do it.

Since becoming an escort, I have been lucky enough to enjoy other women, and I've realized that the trick is to actually just genuinely enjoy it. Every pussy looks a bit different but I think we all respond to much the same thing.

Just be gentle, soft, and hungry for it. Really enjoy it. If she knows you are loving it, and loving her, she will lie back, legs akimbo. And please, boys: be gentle. No gnawing and no biting. Not many women I know like having their sensitive little clit sucked harder than you would a Fisherman's Friend (no pun intended). Bon appetit! 

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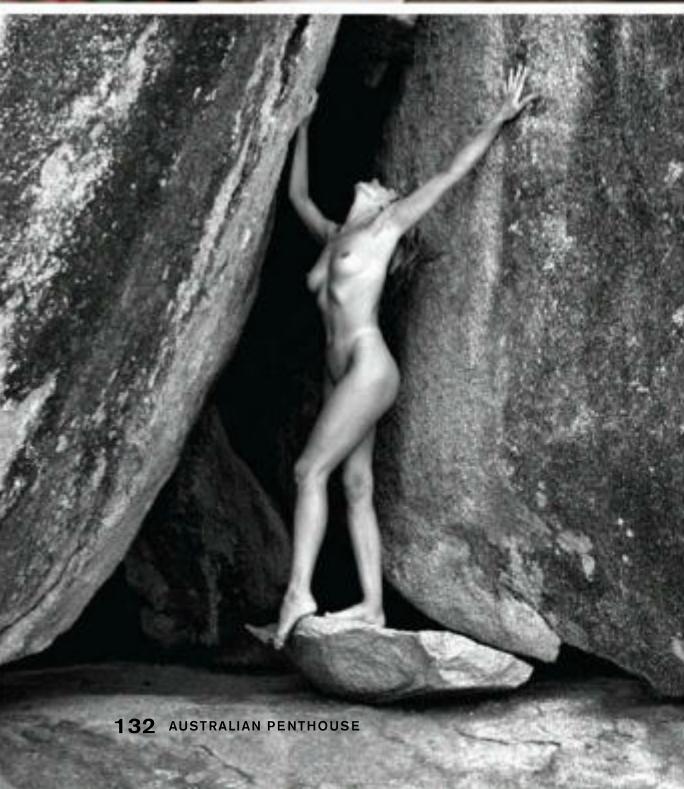
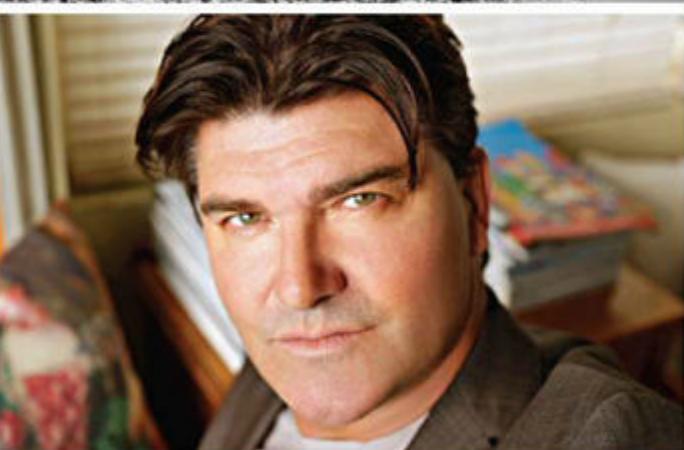
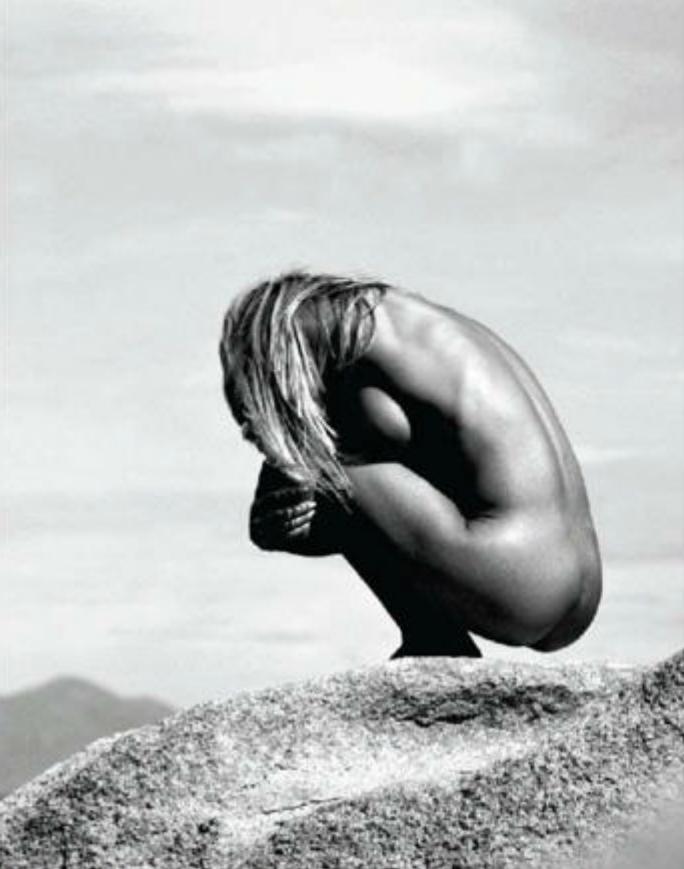
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IN FOCUS

RICHARD  
ARTHUR

# OPENING THE APERTURE

THANKS IN PART TO THE  
PRIVATE JET OF AUSTRALIA'S RICHEST  
MAN, THE CAREER OF THIS SYDNEY-  
BASED PHOTOGRAPHER  
REALLY TOOK OFF



“ I was born in 1965 – the year *Penthouse* was first launched by Bob Guggione. I've been shooting for 25 years. I'm self-taught; I've never had formal training. I left school at 16 and became a carpenter with my father's building company, but I knew by my early 20s that I wanted to be involved in a more creative field, rather than a trade-based career.

“My mother was a huge influence in that. She was an avid collector of all types of arts, and she had a very keen eye for up-and-coming artists to invest in, so as a child I was taken to loads of galleries and exhibitions. She played a major part in my life teaching me how to use my eyes as a tool for learning. It's been through her mentorship and encouragement that I've persisted with my life dream of being a photographer. No one should ever choose a career in a creative field without someone watching over them. My mother gave me the knowledge and management skills to develop my talent in photography, and more importantly, in life in general.

**“IT'S BEEN THROUGH MY MOTHER'S MENTORSHIP AND ENCOURAGEMENT THAT I'VE PERSISTED WITH MY LIFE DREAM OF BEING A PHOTOGRAPHER”**

“Things really started for me back in 1989; I was 24 and dating an ex-model who worked as a flight attendant on the private jet of Australia's richest man, the late Kerry Packer. I travelled the world with her shooting her for fun with a small instamatic camera. She bought me a professional camera for my birthday and told me I should become a photographer.

“She introduced me to many celebrities in the Sydney scene at the time; Sydney dance company performers and *Neighbours* and *Home and Away* actors. I became great mates with [actor] Scott Michaelson who gave me my first start shooting him in London for *Hello* magazine. From there it was *Neighbours* stars like Nicola Charles and Emma Harrison, who I shot for *Playboy* magazine in 1997. That really kicked off my glamour photography career.

“Sometime after that a friend got me an interview with legendary photographer Annie Leibovitz to be her assistant. I was not ready for her high standards





## “I GOT MY BREAK WITH PENTHOUSE AND THINGS REALLY TOOK OFF. I’VE SHOT FOR ALL THE LEADING GLAMOUR AND MEN’S MAGAZINES”

and the 17-hour days so I moved to LA to give it a try in the big smoke. I spent six months shooting for modelling agencies, but ended up deciding that Australia really does have the best light in the world for beach shoots. So I flew back to the Gold Coast to set up shop.

“It was there I started to work for movie photographer Jason Boland, who was shooting the *Matrix* movies in Sydney for the year. I filled in for him on set for all his TV shows like *Pacific Drive*, which was a sexy late-night show filled with former *Home and Away* and *Neighbours* actors. I shot covers and centrefolds for *TV week* and *TV Extra*; beach shoots, underwater shoots and sexy swimsuit shoots to maximise the show’s exposure. I then worked with Jessica Alba on the TV series *Flipper*. Jessica was 17 at the time; it was just before she became a Hollywood starlet. We did swimsuit shots for her show and I was her photographer for the TV series.

“From there I got my break with *Penthouse* and things really took off. I shot for all the leading glamour and nude magazines for the next eight years solidly. Now I’m happy to be in my home town of Sydney, where I run a studio with my make-up artist of 18 years.

“Over the next two years I will be working on a coffee table book of black and white artistic nudes. I have a few overseas projects in the pipeline and continue to shoot portfolios for new models who want to make glamour their line of work.”

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## ORAL OBSESSION

I COULD smell Rob's rich, musky cologne all around me and it made my knees buckle. I almost whimpered as I imagined my mouth around his cock, savouring his succulent, sweet taste. His words comforted me even further and I smiled as I slowly lowered myself to my knees and looked up at him for approval.

"I've been waiting all day to taste you," I said as I start to unbuckle his belt.

Rob gazed down at me intently as I slowly loosened his pants and pulled down the zipper. I could already see the large bulge underneath his boxers and I felt arousal growing between his legs as I rubbed his hardness with my eager hand. He was so thick and full and I could only imagine how good his cock was going to feel in my mouth and throat. I slowly pulled down his boxers and moaned when I finally saw his fully erect cock straining toward me. With my gaze lingering on his face, I gently kissed the head before I caressed the shaft with my tongue, making him groan.

But that was the extent of my tenderness. Rob had previously told me how he likes his cock sucked, so I wrapped my right hand around the base and ravenously sucked on the mushroom head, loving the feel of my tongue against his velvety, soft skin. He tasted so clean and delicious, it only added to my fuelling arousal. His cock was quickly covered in my spit, making it easier for me to swallow his entire rigid length down my throat.

His length tickled the back of my throat, making me gag, but I kept it there for a couple of seconds until I slowly slipped him out. I moaned as I stared at the thick webs of spit connecting my mouth to his cock.

"Drool on my cock," he whispered. "Make it more wet and slippery." I felt like I was going to come from his



mere words. I voraciously licked his cock up and down and made sure to cover every inch of him in my saliva. There was so much drool everywhere, from the head of his cock all the way to the base, sliding down to his balls. Hearing the slippery, wet sound of my hand working his cock was enough to have my clit screaming for release. I couldn't help but wander my left hand to my soaked panties, where I slipped past them to my drenched core. I gasped and shuddered as my fingers brushed the wet, sensitive skin.

Rob shoved his slick cock back into my mouth and started throat fucking me again, forcing me to focus only on him and nothing else. All I could taste, smell and feel was him. I couldn't help but touch myself as well as I watched him slide my saliva around his thick, engorged cock. I

was still so wet from my orgasm but I was still aching for more, wishing I could have him deep inside me.

"You want my cum?" he asked, shuddering, nearing climax.

"Please, baby, need it," I begged.

Rob spurted his hot cum all over my face, which dripped down to my eagerly awaiting mouth. I voraciously licked away at his sweet, delicious cum, loving the feel of his warm ecstasy on my skin. He tasted perfect, a combination of salty and sweet. I gently sucked and licked the head of his cock with small, careful strokes of my tongue. I kissed my way back up his rigid length and looked up at him in silent pleading.

"I can't wait for next time," I said before I planted a final kiss on his cock.

— T.R, Newtown, NSW.

## EYE CONTACT

I LIVE near a local pub and restaurant strip and enjoy strolling down the street having a beer in every pub. One summer evening a few years ago I ran into a woman I used to know. We travelled in the same social circle for a few years but we were both married and only rarely flirted. I wasn't sure the chemistry was there to be quite honest. I was definitely attracted to her as would every red blooded man. She always had a trim figure, a face like a porcelain doll and beautiful thick hair. This particular night she was wearing a Grecian style dress with heels that showed off her long slim legs excellently.

I went over to Kay and struck up a conversation. We had both been divorced since the last time we had seen each other although she was now seeing someone that she described as a casual thing. She was on a night out with one of her friends so we went and danced with her for a while before heading upstairs. In this particular pub the dance floor is downstairs and there is a quiet balcony bar upstairs. We had a few drinks up there and the girls turned the conversation highly sexual. The friend was out to pick up I was told, while Kay informed me that she'd had enough of sex. Her ex had cheated and now her casual lover was getting possessive. At this point another guy whisked her friend off for another dance, leaving us alone.

When the friend left, Kay moved closer to me and surprised me by whispering in my ear that her favourite thing was to watch a guy come. Not just see his face but to watch him stroke himself off and see it shoot out of him. Then Kay told me that she had never met a guy who could look her in the eye while he did it. I told her I would accept that challenge!

I tried to get her back to my place but she wouldn't leave her friend, so if I wanted to do it, we'd have to do it at the pub. We agreed on the toilets. I would jack off in front of her and had to keep my eyes open when I came.

There is a short hallway to the toilets and very few people milling around. When we got to the gents she followed me in. There was no one in there thankfully. We locked ourselves in a cubicle and immediately started kissing. She felt so slender and hot as she pressed against me. I slid my hand up

the back of her legs and squeezed her bum, feeling the smooth flesh exposed by her G-string. Her hands went to my zip and she pulled out my rapidly hardening cock and started stroking it for me. Hotter and heavier our cubicle got until she pushed me away.

Kay reiterated the rules and decided she would sit on the closed toilet lid and I could stand in front of her. Then she sat down, leaned back and spread her legs. I stood there stroking my cock as Kay rubbed her pussy through the fabric. After a few minutes of this I slid the straps off her shoulders with my free hand and squeezed her amazingly pert boobs with almost plastic looking perfect pink nipples. Kay kept reminding me that she wanted me to look her in the eyes when I came but I needed more stimulation. She obliged by pulling her undies to the side and showing me a very hot pussy that was almost red with excitement. The heel of her palm sat on her landing strip of pubic as her fingers rubbed her clit around. Kay made sure I would tell her when I was near coming then put one foot up on the toilet roll dispenser. I was standing between the legs of this gorgeous woman with her

pussy right in front of me and just had to fuck her. I lowered myself down to be nearer her when she realized what I was doing.

Kay decided I could rub my cock on her clit but still not fuck her. I practically begged. She just grinned at me... she knew how wild she was driving me. I teased her, asking her if she had ever one two guys in the one day and if she found it exciting. Kay didn't answer but closed her eyes and moaned as I slid my cock into her hot wet pussy. As I stroked away she made me promise that I would pull out and look at her as I came.

I plunged in and out of her but still couldn't get close to coming. The alcohol was playing a part in that. Kay must have gotten uncomfortable to as she pushed me back and got up. I leant on the door as she turned, hiked her dress up and bent over with her hands on the toilet cistern. I will never forget the view of those heels, the perfect legs and an arse to die for. I walked up behind her and slid back into that wet box. I'm sure it is one of the best I have ever had. So smooth, so wet and tight. Now I was getting close. Kay could sense this and after a few minutes she pulled away and stood



up to kiss me.

Kay went over the rules again and leaned back onto a wall and put one foot onto the toilet. I walked up and faced her, my hard cock sticking out in front and bouncing up and down. We agreed I wouldn't stroke it, I would fuck her till right at the point of coming and she would stroke me off all over her pussy. I slid forward and she guided me into her again.

My balls tightened straight away and I grabbed her arse cheeks pulling her onto me. I kept pounding her, right on the brink of coming. Kay's legs went weak and I felt more and more weight in my arms as I pounded into her. She asked me to keep my eyes open as I kept closing them and telling me she was ready to stroke me. I stared into her deep brown eyes and asked her if she still wanted that fantasy or if she wanted two guys come in her. Kay opened her mouth into an O shape and tensed which I took to be her orgasm and then my floodgates opened.

I felt my orgasm rush into her and the hand on my face. She demanded I open my eyes. I stared into hers as I came and Kay came again. I slowed my thrusts as my orgasm waned but Kay told me to keep stroking in and out. She put her hands between our bodies and squeezed my balls as my orgasm was fading and stroked my cock into her as she gently rocked her hips back and forth. I could feel every last drop of come gush into her as my orgasm continued.

Slowly Kay slid off my still hard dick and I watch a great glob of creamy cum drop onto her inner thigh. A long string hung from her pussy lips. Amazingly she slid her little patch of G-string fabric back over her creamy pussy and smoothed her skirt down without cleaning up. Then she pushed me out of the cubicle and hustled me back to the bar, while I was hurrying to do my pants up. We had another round and sat out on the balcony. As we chatted surrounded by people but enjoying a secret afterglow I saw Kay spot some come on her leg and simply rub her other leg into it, smearing it around. To this day I am amazed that such a pretty girl was so dirty. But believe me I am glad.

— E.R, Wollie Creek, NSW.



## BEGGING FOR IT

**T**HE noise that escaped from between Dave's lips sounded like an animal's growl as he got on the bed with me and ran his warm hands over my body.

"Fucking hell, you are a proper little slut, aren't you? A sexy little slut who wants to be fucked. Hard and rough and now. Am I right?"

"Yes. I want you to fuck me, please! Oh please fuck me." I begged him, desperate to feel his cock in me again, wanting him to use me as he wished.

He knelt between my legs, taking his engorged cock in his hand, stroking it. I couldn't take my eyes off him, and he knew. He knew just how much I wanted it.

"Please, please fuck me, I want you, I need you so much," I begged.

He continued to stroke his cock in front of me, teasing me. I reached my hand down to my pussy, wanting something to fill me, even if it was just my fingers, I needed to cum again. He caught my wrist in his hand before I could

get between my legs.

"Not yet," he grinned.

I wrapped my legs around his waist while he pounded my grateful wet pussy with his cock, every thrust seemingly harder and faster. His grip tightening on my hips, my eyes never leaving his.

His cock pounded me faster, harder, his hand gripped my hip, while the other reached for my arse, spanking it, bringing me so close to cumming for him.

His hand spanking me again and again, "Cum for me, baby. Do it."

My breathing turning to short gasps as I experience the pure ecstasy of orgasm, "Ohhhh god, oh my god!"

The intensity of his eyes on mine, his hands on my arse and the orgasm, it felt unreal.

I closed my eyes, trying to get my breath back, loosening my legs from around his waist.

"Don't get too comfortable, I'm not done with you yet," he growled, a smile creeping across his face.

— T.W, Holland Park, Qld.



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## GOING UP

**I**T HAPPENED in the elevator this time. Heated glances trailing up and down my body. A stolen touch to my back, sliding down to cup my backside.

A smile lifting the corner of his mouth because my boss and I were finally alone, and still he caressed me, not caring that others may see. He's probably hoping they do turn and catch his wandering hand. I shift and step closer, leaning my body into his. He brings his hand up and brushes my hair off my shoulder, his thumb repeatedly tracing the line of my neck to just beneath my ear. My pulse accelerates a little more with each floor we rise. Anticipation steals my breath.

Our eyes lock and we both shoot forward at the same time. Our bodies crash into each other, his arms wind around me and pull me close. His lips come down on mine in a fierce assault, prying mine apart. Our tongues duel, sliding along the other, twisting and diving, neither declaring victory. I suck his tongue into my mouth and mimic fellatio on it, sucking and bobbing my head. I am rewarded with his groan this time. I smile around the tongue still lodged in my mouth.

Just as the lift approaches our floor, my boss reaches out and slams his hand against the 'stop' button, pausing the lift.

With a sly smile, he thrusts me backwards against the wall. His leg slides between mine. Delicious pressure against my clit. He runs his left hand up under my hair and he grasps a handful. Then he uses his grip to tilt my head to the side. First, it's his lips and tongue traveling the length of my neck. Next, it's his teeth as he grinds his mouth down and sucks deeply. I can't help but writhe against his leg as I feel him marking me. He knows what this does to me. His hard cock against my hip, his hand holding my hair in a punishing grasp, fingers pinching my nipple, and the exquisite torture on my neck, I'm overwhelmed by the collective assault to my senses. My orgasm takes me by surprise as I gasp and quake, trapped between his hard body and the wall. He raises his head and looks into my eyes. His own smirk declaring a small victory.

Instead of leaving me sated, the orgasm only fuels my desire. I kiss his smiling mouth and put my hands under the hem of his shirt. Tugging it up and pulling it over his head. I move between his legs and



begin to slide down the wall. My mouth in constant contact. First his jaw and the beard growth there, rubbing my own cheek against it. I lick a path downward to his neck and chest. His nipple between my lips and then my teeth momentarily. My hands ever busy, moving along his magnificent shoulders, down his arms, across his abdomen to the prominent cock pushing against his jeans. Ever downward, I sink to my knees. I glance up as he watches me through heavy lidded eyes. I lick my way across his waistband and nip at his hip. I can't wait a second longer to have him naked before me. I work the button and zipper. Sliding it down with haste and then curl my fingers over the top of his pants and boxers to pull them down together. I hurriedly toss them aside and resume the tour of his body, with my mouth. A kiss on his calf, a lick on the side of his knee and a pinch of teeth on his thigh. My lips move towards the centre of him and his manhood. My tongue snakes out to lick the base of him and I drag it up the underside of the shaft of his beautiful cock. He's so hard his foreskin is stretched taut, leaving the head exposed to my tongue. I swirl it around the top and taste his luscious precum. I wrap my lips around him and continue to flick and swirl my tongue. My lips tighten and my tongue dances as I slide my mouth further down onto him.

He grasps both sides of my head and thrusts into my mouth gently. I look up and

our eyes meet again. We both moan and he takes this as acquiescence and thrusts into my mouth again and again, ever deeper each time. I allow him to control my head and it's movements, while my hands roam his body. A massaging caress to his balls, around his hips and down to squeeze his arse as it flexes and drives his erection into my ever watering mouth.

As his own completion draws near, he stops and pulls away and out of my mouth. I attempt to follow on my knees to retrieve his delectable organ. He bends over and puts both hands under my arms and tugs me to my feet. He places his hands under my ass and I get the message and jump to wrap my legs around his waist. He grinds me in place against the wall of the elevator for a few moments as his mouth continues to devour me.

He pushes up on both arms and his freed cock pushes against my still clothed pussy. I want the clothes gone, and to feel his hot length inside me. He knows this all too well and enjoys the small amount of torture I allow him, in our games.

Frustratingly, with my skirt hiked around my thighs and my panties still in place, my boss presses the 'stop' button again and our lift continues on its journey leaving me soaked and in a river of need.

He departs the lift and winks at me, while I stay behind trying to catch my breath.

— D.C. Ashford, SA.

## THE STRANGER

**O**NE night, while alone at my local bar, a gorgeous man sat next to me, smiled and said, "Ready to leave?"

My jaw dropped. His question was forward to say the least. Still I could feel my juices begin to flow at hearing the handsome stranger's proposition.

I studied his face for a minute, trying to suss out whether he was joking or not. When I decided he was serious, I responded just as boldly by squeezing his cock through his jeans, my way of saying yes while also checking out his size. When I was happy with the results, I decided why the hell not take this bold stranger home for some fun? I got up from my bar stool, winked at him and sashayed away through the press of bodies, certain he was following.

He was and the second we were out the door he grabbed my arse through the thin material of my dress. I squealed and thrust myself into his hands. He slid an arm around my waist and led me round the side of the building where there was a thin alleyway. I expected his car to be on the other side so was surprised when he led me into the alley way behind the bar.

What came next was his mouth meeting mine for a hungry, passionate kiss. I glanced towards the entrance of the alley, feeling a little wary about the fact that anyone could walk past but I was too turned on to actually care. The stranger held my chin and moved my face back to his, our eyes meeting. I moaned and spread my legs, desperately wanting him to fuck me. He seemed to read my mind and grasped my thigh, pulling it over his hip and holding it steady.

It left me spread wide for his touch. He stroked me expertly, sliding two fingers through my wetness from the back to the front, flicking them over my clit.

"I'm so close to coming already," I moaned.

It was the first words I had spoken to him and he reacted by pressing his fingers firmly into me and rocking them against my G-spot while his thumb rubbed my clit. I sunk down onto his hand, wanting more of him in me and what followed was an earth-shattering orgasm. I held onto the stranger's shoulders for support, glad he was there so I wouldn't end in a heap on the ground. His fingers felt amazing but I needed his cock in my mouth and I



needed it right then and there. I dropped to my knees, quickly undid his belt and pulled out his cock. I didn't waste time in bringing it to my lips. I wetted his already hard head and wrapped my lips around it.

I pushed my head down on his shaft, controlling my gag reflex and relaxing my throat enough to take his whole length in my mouth. He groaned loudly and began moving his hips back and forth, setting his own rhythm.

While I sucked the stranger's cock, I played with my clit and it wasn't long before I came with a scream, the wetness

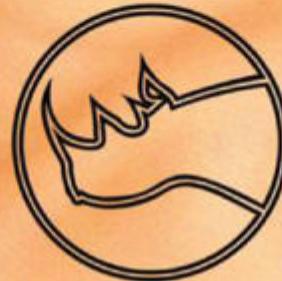
on my thighs became a flood and my knees shook with the force of it. I could feel myself just get wetter and wetter as the stranger came in my mouth.

He slipped his softening cock slipped from my mouth and helped me to my knees. I met the man whose name I still didn't know. A wicked smile curved his lips and he pressed a kiss to her forehead.

"Jack." He offered her his hand.

The sound of footsteps brought us back to reality and we quickly rearranged our attire and went our separate ways.

— N.H. Bambra, Vic.



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